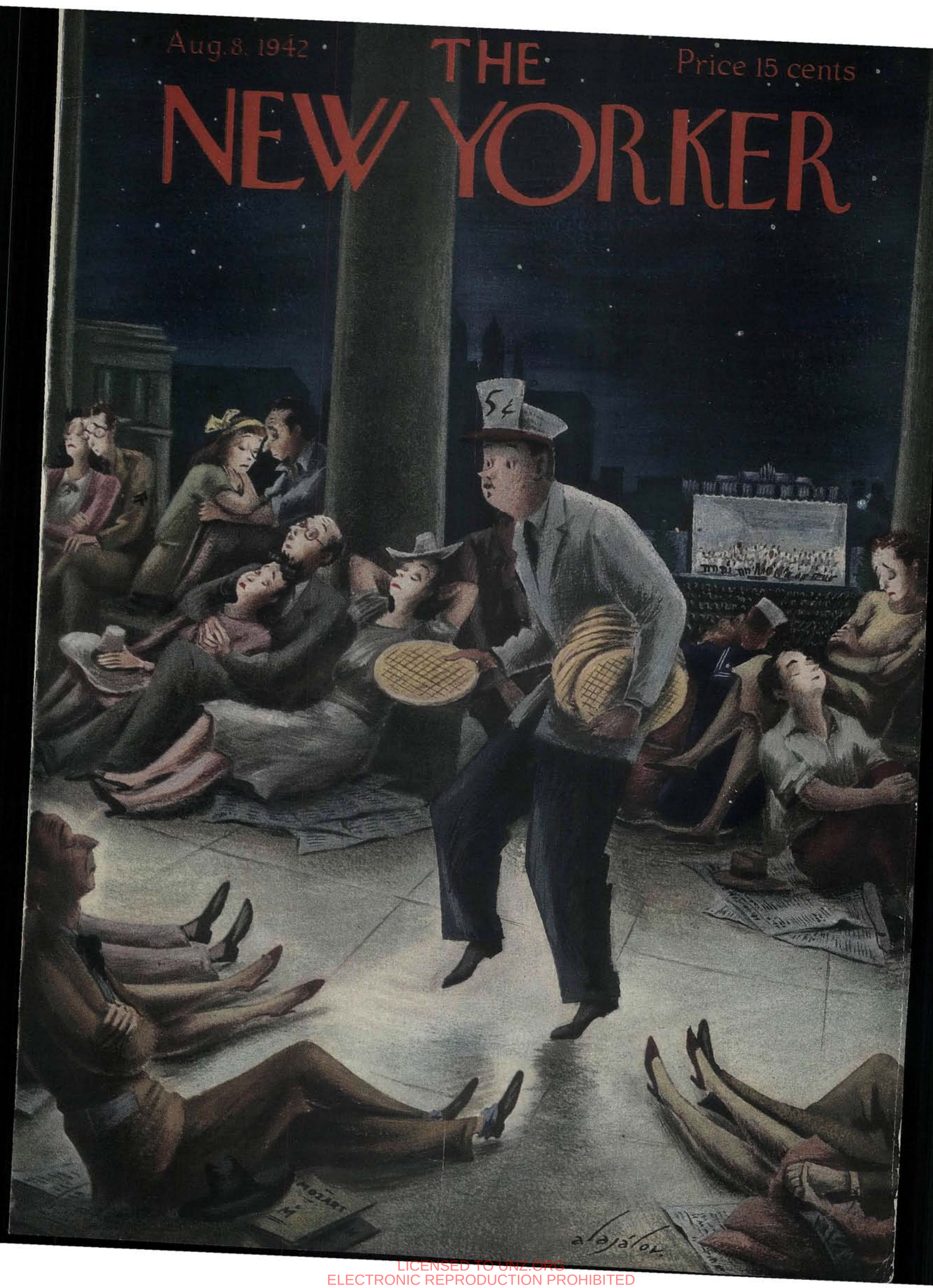
Aug. 8, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Believe it or not, he's waiting for a trolley car!

AND believe it or not, he won't find one in Macy's—not even in our huge stock of 394,000 different good things priced low for cash. We see by the papers there's a demand for new and used trolleys by towns whose tracks have outlived their cars. Cars are needed now to carry workers to defense plants, and we wish we had some on hand. But you can't have everything, not even in the World's Largest Store, though we *do* come pretty close to pleasing everybody.

It's not just our merchandise, of course, that makes us New York's Most Popular Store. It's being in tune with the times, which is just another way of saying we sell good stuff — things that people need, at prices that don't deplete their emaciated, war-taxed pocketbooks.

Macy's has specialized in thrift since 1858. Our low-for-cash price policy started 'way back there before there *was* a trolley. It has continued staunchly helping the populace through the bicycle, hansom cab, horse car and trolley era, right up through the recent fad for automobiles, and now back to the horse again. And the folks are still flocking to Macy's. For there's nothing quite so irresistible in a store as the reputation for saving people money. That's *our* reputation, and we believe we deserve it.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty. macy's

Advertisement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A good, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

UNCLE HARRY—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." One of the pleasantest events of the season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PORGY AND BESS—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, and Paul Draper. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

STAR AND GARTER—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Irving Berlin's music and a fine all-military cast provide one of the nicest evenings (or afternoons) you ever spent. Ezra Stone, Julie Oshins, and Philip Truex are a few of the actors. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—An ice show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—Helen Gleason in a revival of the Franz Lehár musical. Produced by Joseph S. Tushinsky and Hans Bartsch. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	46
THE CURRENT CINEMA	37
OF ALL THINGS	28
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	38
OUT OF TOWN	40
THE RACE TRACK	43
A REPORTER AT LARGE	32
TABLES FOR TWO	41

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Aug. 6, 8, and 9, and 13, 15, and 16, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Fountain Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's summer place, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra provides music for dancing, from tea time on, in the Café Pierre.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—There's a new show, with puppets, an acrobatic dancer, and such, all way up there in the clouds. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra.... Russ Smith's orchestra is in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr and his orchestra play for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Larry Adler will be replaced in the Café Lounge by Renée De Marco on Thurs., Aug. 13. Roy Ross's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing, will stay on.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—This big East Side place offers music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band, and there's also a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is the principal attraction on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's orchestra and a show are there, too, at the supper hour.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, is the mainstay here.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Adelaide Moffet and a small show.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays the piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room.... **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy.... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Joe Sullivan's trio and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is on hand, too, with his impersonations.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 25, August 8, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1942, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Canada, $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Other Foreign, $8.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-0200): Walter Perner's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the dimmed-out waterfront is fine. Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a condensed version of "Meet the People." . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind; Joe Frisco is around, too. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose show headed by Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers have moved in, and there's also Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his band play in this downtown place. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with Red Allen's band and a show. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

AL-FRESCO—At the CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden.

Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; the FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

NOTE—The Piping Rock Club and Arrowhead Inn at Saratoga Springs are open, as usual, with Joe E. Lewis heading the show at the former and a George Hale revue and Dick Gasparre's orchestra entertaining at the latter.

ART

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive showing of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from the East Indies and other Pacific Ocean islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—An exhibition of recent acquisitions, including works by Monet and Blake, together with a part of the permanent collection of drawings and prints not shown before. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

GROUPS—At the WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Bemelmans, Owens, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Guy Pène du Bois, Bouché, Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by De Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Hartley, De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings, sculptures, and water colors by Peirce, Bishop, Cadmus, Harkavy, and other members of the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by Eakins, Sargent, Kroll, and other early and contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors, mostly by younger members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by contemporary American, French, and Mexican artists. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 27.

KLEE—A set of water colors never shown here before: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15); posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Recent acquisitions, in several media, by Barlach, Beckmann, Léger, Picasso, van Gogh, and others; also, in the Young People's Gallery, an exhibition showing how Disney cartoons are made, including original drawings, photographs, and a short sequence from "Bambi," his latest film. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 16.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing of works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, Alexander Calder, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by Herbert W. Pratt. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 14. . . . COORDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, final concerts of the season—Stolz conducting, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Aug. 6-7; Josten conducting, Sat. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 8-9; Smallens conducting, Mon. and Tues. Eves., Aug. 10-11. ("The Gypsy Baron," Aug. 6-7; Firkusny, Aug. 8; annual Gershwin concert, with Jane Froman and Oscar Levant, Aug. 10.) Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. Fri. Eves. at 8; other Eves. at 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. Program details as well as last-minute plans in case of rain will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Koussevitzky sponsoring and conducting a series of concerts by the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra at Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., Sat. Eves., Aug. 8 and 15, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 9, at 3, and a Russian War Relief benefit, with a program which includes the Shostakovich Seventh Symphony, Fri. Eve., Aug. 14, at 8. (Soloists: Lubo-

shutz and Nemenoff, Aug. 8; Sanromá and Zighera, Aug. 9; Maynor, Spalding, and Piatigorsky, Aug. 14.) Trains to Lenox leave Grand Central weekdays at 3:40 P.M., arriving at 7:43 P.M. (also Sat. at 12:45 P.M., arriving at 4:53 P.M.), and Sun. at 7:55 A.M., arriving at 11:53 A.M. There are enough taxis and private cars available to see that everyone gets from the station to Tanglewood.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., Aug. 8, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 9 (doubleheader), at 2; Yankees vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., Aug. 11-13, at 3. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 6, at 3; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 14, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 15, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., Aug. 7, at 6:45, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 13, at 6:30, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 15, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Mon. Eve., Aug. 10, at 6:30; and Wed. Aft., Aug. 12, at 3.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Chalky Wright vs. Allie Stolz, 10 rounds, overweight match, Thurs., Aug. 6; Bob Montgomery vs. Bobby Ruffin, 10 rounds, lightweights, and Fritzie Zivic vs. Garvey Young, 10 rounds, welterweights, Thurs., Aug. 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches starting at about 10 P.M.

GOLF—New York State Junior, Briar Hills G.C., Briarcliff Manor, daily through Sat., Aug. 8. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seawane Club, Hewlett, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 7-9. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Montclair G.C., Montclair, qualifying rounds, Sun., Aug. 9, and Championship, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 15-16. . . . Women's Metropolitan Scotch foursomes, Nassau C.C., Glen Cove, Tues., Aug. 11. . . . Metropolitan Golf Association tournament, Wee Burn Club, Noroton, Conn., Wed., Aug. 12.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 29. (The Alabama, Aug. 7; the Saratoga Special and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Aug. 8; the Spinaway and the Travers, Aug. 15.) Trains will leave Grand Central daily at 9 and 9:15 A.M.

SKEET—National Championship, Onondaga Club, Syracuse, daily through Sun., Aug. 9, at 8 A.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, daily through Sun., Aug. 9, at 2 P.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino, Newport, Mon. through Sat., Aug. 10-15, at 10 A.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sat. at 2:15 P.M., and other weekdays at 6:30 P.M.; through Sept. 19. Trains will leave Penn Station on Sat. at 12:57 and 1:14 P.M. and on other weekdays at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M. . . . Good Time Park, Goshen, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 11-13, at 2 P.M. (the Hambletonian, Aug. 12).

YACHTING—Great South Bay Race Week, daily through Sat., Aug. 8. . . . American Y.C. championships on the Sound, Sun., Aug. 9, at 1 P.M., and the club's annual cruise, Mon. through Fri., Aug. 10-14.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 20. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and models touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare; a Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, shot down over England, and a German bomb sight have been added to the exhibit. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through the summer.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PRIMARY DAY—The polls will be open to registered voters on Tues., Aug. 11, from 3 to 10 P.M.

FLOWER SHOW—A war-relief benefit, sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57. Wed., Aug. 12, from 2:30 to 10 P.M., and Thurs., Aug. 13, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Stadium Concerts, Philharmonic-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Symphony, Fri. Eve., Aug. 7, at 8, WABC, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 9, at 8:30, WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper and Ruth Mitchell, Sun. Eve., Aug. 9, at 9, WJZ; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30, WINS; Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WINS; Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

NOTE—The Metropolitan Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch museum, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., from 1 to 5; through Oct. 17.

MOTION PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH—The Chaplin triumph of the old days, revised with music and spoken narrative by the master himself to suit our modern tastes. Altogether, still a triumph. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Aug. 12.... R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 7-11.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 7-13.)

HOLIDAY INN—A light but sturdy musical, with the singing and dancing handled by a team that understands the work—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. Words and music by Irving Berlin. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Ellen Glasgow's novel of another Southern family and its troubles with its daughters, adapted to Bette Davis's icier talents. With Olivia de Havilland, also, and George Brent and Dennis Morgan. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 7-9.)

MRS. MINIVER—A long, intensely dramatic film of the war and what it does to gentle, very unwarlike family people in England's pleasantest small towns. With Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, and Dame May Whitty. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 12.)

NAZI AGENT—A German spy ring is capably thwarted by Conrad Veidt. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 11-12.)

REAP THE WILD WIND—The Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties, as Cecil B. De Mille tells us they were, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. Some moments of excitement and lots of Technicolor. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 7.)

THE SPOILERS—Marlene Dietrich takes over the old Alaska of Rex Beach and handles it in fine style. A healthy Western all around, with John Wayne and Randolph Scott. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 7.... Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 7-11.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 10-11.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 11-13.)

TORTILLA FLAT—California's quaint, strange, and charming Spanish inhabitants, according to Steinbeck, in a pleasant movie with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, and John Garfield. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 11-12.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney as George M. Cohan in some magnificent chapters, with music, from the great man's life. A grand musical, helped, too, by Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Aug. 6.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 9-10.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 10-12.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Afts. only, through Fri., Aug. 7.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 6.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 9-10.)

LIFE DANCES ON (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. French, and formerly called "Un Carnet de Bal." Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 7.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 10-12.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 8-11.)

PRIMROSE PATH (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 9.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 7-11.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 7-13.)

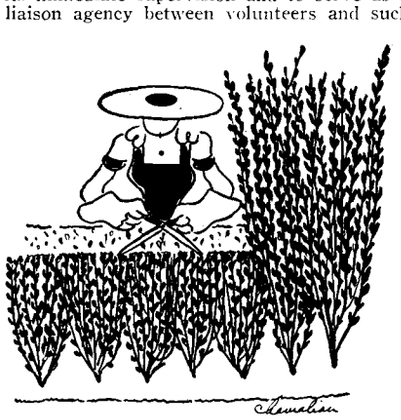
STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 10-12.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 11-12.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following American and European films daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., AUG. 6-7:** "Emil und die Detektive" (1932), German. **SAT. AND SUN., AUG. 8-9:** "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields. **MON. AND TUES., AUG. 10-11:** "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), semi-documentary film. **WED. AND THURS., AUG. 12-13:** "The Invisible Man" (1933), Claude Rains. **FRI. AND SAT., AUG. 14-15:** "Duck Soup" (1933), the Marx Brothers.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who wish to help the community by taking one of the many thousands of local emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks under its immediate supervision and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.



Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all more or less of the same importance, are for (1) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (2) men and women to work at least nine hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare setting up emergency social-service and evacuation systems; (3) women to work five hours every other day in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (4) boys from sixteen to twenty-one to be trained for emergency messenger duty; (5) women who, after taking a seven-week Red Cross course, will be willing to work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (6) draft-exempt men to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen.

In addition to many similar categories of jobs requiring, at least at the outset, no particular skill, there is need for volunteers with special abilities—dietary helpers, for instance, and occupational-therapy assistants.

SALVAGE—The government is currently asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal, especially pewter, which is something like 80 per cent tin, but not razor blades, because it takes so many of them (nearly 500) to make a pound.... Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of munitions. If you wish to help out in this campaign, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, such as those coffee comes in, and keep what you collect in a cool place, to prevent its becoming rancid, until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more, and is ready with advice on individual problems of how to dispose of smaller amounts.... Tin cans must be kept separate from other scrap metal. Their paper wrappers should be removed and both their ends cut out; then they should be washed thoroughly and pressed almost, but not quite, flat. Your building superintendent will probably agree to dispose of them properly for you; if not, pile them in paper boxes and place them on the sidewalk shortly before the next collections, which will be on Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 12 and 13.

Wastepaper, which a while back was a prime salvage item, is not wanted at the moment, although there will probably be a renewed need of it later. Meanwhile, the Salvation Army (CI 6-8565) will take off your hands any paper you may have accumulated.... The Salvage Committee is swamped with old pianos (it is faced with the problem of dismantling 200 of them) and so doesn't want any more just now. Pianos, however, are a rich source of scrap metal and the Committee will presently be asking for them again.

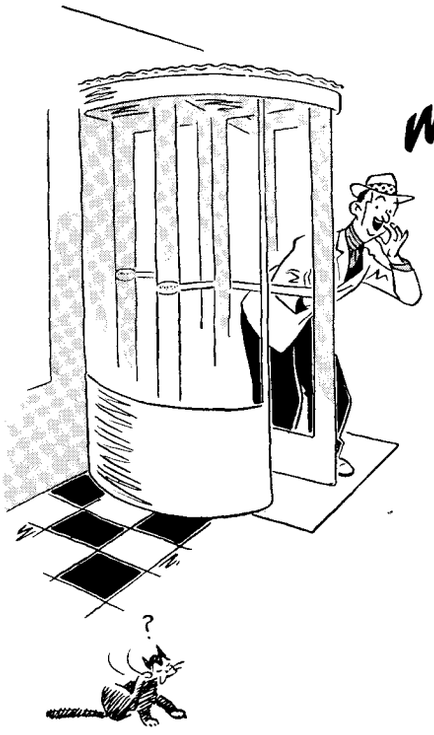
SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance on these matters, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one near your home and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Phonographs and phonograph records, radios, books, and games (especially darts, Chinese checkers, and backgammon) are in great demand for men in the services and will be called for by a representative of the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), although it will be much appreciated if you will bring them in yourself.... The Navy wants to borrow Naval Gun Factory, Zeiss, and Bausch & Lomb binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50; if you have any to lend that meet these specifications, take them to the U.S.O. booth in Penn Station or to Room 909 at 90 Church Street.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★★★ KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★★★

WHAT MAKES RUPPERT TASTE JUST RIGHT?



LISTEN, MAN, IT'S MELLOW LIGHT *

BE SMART . . . SAY:

MAKE MINE RUPPERT

*MELLOW LIGHT—the truly satisfying Ruppert flavor made possible by the use of finest ingredients, unhurried aging and Ruppert's 75 years' experience in the fine art of brewing. You couldn't ask for better beer.

Copyright 1942 by JACOB RUPPERT, Brewery, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE'RE STILL WORKING TO CADILLAC STANDARDS !

MUCH of the work we are doing at Cadillac in the great task of arming America is held to limits of accuracy never before achieved in quantity production. . . . The Cadillac-built tanks and the vital precision parts for the famed Allison aircraft engines, which are our special responsibilities today, both demand the very highest order of workmanship and skill. . . . Our workmen and our shop executives are extremely grateful for these assignments. . . . They enable these superlative craftsmen to turn from the works of peace to the works of war—and still exercise the special skills cultivated over so many years of building to Cadillac standards. . . . In other words, they will continue to be worthy of the Cadillac heritage of quality.

★ ★ ★ CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN ex-broker, now happily married to a government department of checks and balances, reports to us that the word "trillion" has at last turned up in routine finance. "I've been watching for it for years," he said. It finally appeared in a Dow Jones news release: "WAR APPROPRIATIONS NEARING QUARTER TRILLION DOLLAR MARK." A trillion, in case you have forgotten, is the thing that has four commas and twelve ciphers—like this: 1,000,000,000,000. To be quite frank, it is a thousand billion. We asked our informant if he felt that there was any special significance in the emergence of this word at this time, and he said yes, it was clearly a turning point in federal arithmetic. Like the moment on the roller coaster when you stop holding yourself in and say "Wheeee!"

EVERY once in a while the news comments on itself, and when it does we feel a gentle, warning shift beneath our feet, as though we were standing on sand. The other day, reading the newspaper story about the oversize shipyard worker who appealed to President Roosevelt to get him a priority on work clothes, we had that sensation. The worker, a Mr. Wolfkeil, wrote the President that he weighed 386 pounds, that he was busy building ships for the government, and that his need for work clothes was desperate. The President turned the letter over to the War Production Board, which turned it over to the chief of its Work Clothes Unit, which arranged to have an outfit made up for Mr. Wolfkeil. Reading the story, it momentarily occurred to us that the whole affair was an illustration of the eccentric, heart-warming ways a democracy operates, and we might have made some comment to that effect if Mr. Wolfkeil himself, in a thank-you letter to the WPB, had not said it for us and said it better. "Let me say in closing," he wrote, "that this is the only country in the world that the President would take time out from fighting a man-sized war to get one of his supporters a pair of pants. That's America and I'm sure glad I am an American. It could only happen here. Let's all keep it that way." You said it, brother, but please stop cutting in.

A TRAVELLER back from the strange coast of California told us about a party he went to in the movie colony. Contrary to the generally accepted legend about the sobriety of the performers, there was a good deal of whiskey and finally a whimsical guest suggested a game of Musical Chairs, or Going to Jerusalem. Our man, no athlete, watched the start of these shenanigans and then went into another room, where he sat down bleakly with a book. After about half an hour, still hearing the music starting and stopping and wondering how the game could go on so long without *somebody* winning, the reader got up to have a look. To his amazement, all the original players were still marching tensely around the chairs and sitting down with little squeals of

excitement whenever the music broke off. Each time everybody got a seat, and, grappling with this phenomenon, he discovered that it was because nobody ever took any chairs away. It was clearly a contest that could last through the night or a week or forever, and in a dim way it reminded our friend of all the life he had observed out there in the artistic capital of the world—everybody going round and round in an interminable and meaningless game, guaranteed, however, to hurt nobody's feelings.

"I PRAYED a lot and jived my shoulders a little," said a Negro woman in Chattanooga the other day, explaining how she kept from freezing when she was locked in a cold-storage

compartment overnight. Her explanation strikes us as a wonderful formula, something that ought to take its place beside "Ninety-seven per cent perspiration and three per cent inspiration," "Git thar fustest with the mostest," and "I hits 'em where they ain't." If there is any single recipe for riding safely through these desperate times, any charm against unpredictable catastrophe, it is probably very close to that Negro woman's—just the proper blend of prayer and jive, the prayer predominating but the jive always present, the shoulders always poised for the sudden, galvanic twitch.

THERE is some likelihood that if the war doesn't end any other way it will bog down under the sheer weight of a modern soldier's equipment. Even now, an airplane pilot, when he hangs all those telephones and parachutes and oxygen tubes on himself, must feel more like a Christmas tree than a fighting man. And the situation is getting worse fast. We have just read that our fliers, in addition to all the other stuff, are soon to wear a rubber boat attached to the seat of their pants when they go into action. The boat, even in its dormant stage, is fifteen inches square and is equipped with a carbon-dioxide cylinder and a couple of little paddles that the pilot is supposed to wear on his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He says he's come to give himself up."

• •

hands, like flippers. All such things are fine, but we can see the time coming when a man's equipment will finally throw him, and two opposing soldiers will be as helpless as two bucks that have locked horns in the forest.

Plaza's Poet

IF you ask the Plaza Hotel staff about the poet who was born there, they'll act silly and deny the whole thing. Nevertheless, there *is* a poet who was born at the Plaza, and there's no reason for the Plaza to be ashamed of him, either. Hugh Chisholm is his name. He's twenty-nine years old, handsome, well dressed, prosperous, and the possessor of a British accent—the sort of fellow, in a word, to whom the headwaiter in the Persian Room would unquestionably give a ringside table. There is no question about Mr. Chisholm's qualifications as a poet, either. He is a protégé of Christopher Isherwood, has had poems printed in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Spur* as well as in the experimental poetry magazines, and is included in "New Poems, 1942: An Anthology of British and American Verse," along with such metrical big guns as Auden, Spender, Jeffers, and MacLeish.

We have had a talk with Mr. Chisholm, and can report the circumstances of his birth with some degree of accuracy. His parents' home was in Port Chester at the time. On a hot summer night, July 20, 1913, to be exact, Mrs. Chisholm, who should have known better, came into New York to go to a play. During the second intermission it became obvious to her that she couldn't stay for the third act, so she took a cab up to the Plaza, checked in, and almost simultaneously gave the world another poet. "There's a myth in the family that I was born in the elevator," Mr. Chisholm told us. "It's quite possible. My mother always had her children at the drop of a hat—she never took more than ten minutes." You're wondering why Mrs. Chisholm went to the Plaza instead of to a hospital. Well, she had an old-fashioned aversion to hospitals, and she chose the Plaza in preference to any other hotel because her uncle, Henry Hardenbergh, had designed it. He had also designed the Astor, the Martinique, the Manhattan, and the Albert, but Mrs. Chisholm just happened to like the Plaza best.

Mr. Chisholm's subsequent career has been far from an anticlimax. He attended St. Paul's and Yale, and then spent three years in England, during which time he got married and won recognition as a highly promising minnesinger. Chisholm's father, who is a manufacturer of paper, bore up rather manfully under this, it seems. According to his son, he said, "If you're a good poet, Hugh, I'll be glad." "I'm not, though, and he doesn't understand a word I write," Chisholm told us. We asked which of his poems he liked most, but he wouldn't say, admitting only that his favorite line was "The ghost that coughs and is a man." The one thing that the Plaza might cavil at in Chisholm's career is the fact that he used to be a radio crooner. This was in his late teens. "I was literally a crooner," he told us. "When I was younger I had a truly fine soprano voice, but then it fell to baritone and the quality was lost. I was mad about jazz. I wrote it and I sang it. I got a job in a radio station. It was just a phase." His best compositions, he thinks, were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entitled "High Yaller Blues" and "Riding on Top of a Bus."

Carried Away

WE'VE been told about some gay folk who dropped in last Saturday night at a Third Avenue bar, Third Avenue bars being, at the moment, one of *the* things to do. Anyway, they were sitting there, chatting about this and that, when they gradually became conscious that the waiter, a murderous-looking fellow in shirtsleeves, was standing by their table, drinking in the conversation and also drinking the nearest glass of beer. He pulled himself together when he saw them looking at him, and said he was sorry about the beer. "You was having such a good time, for a minute I thought I belonged," he said.

Messenger Girls

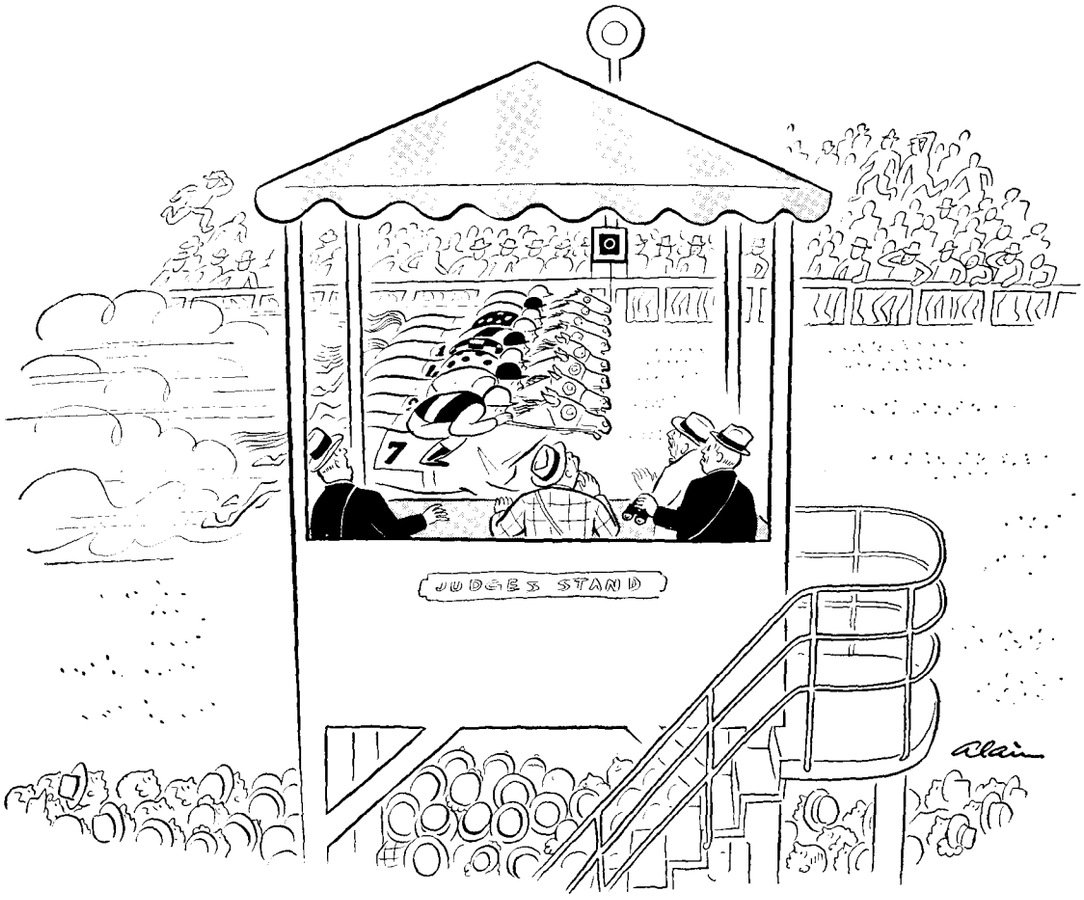
THERE is ample precedent, we find, for young ladies to wear the uniform of Postal Telegraph or Western Union. Both companies used messenger girls during the last war, and Postal, until the depression supplied an ample pool of boy-power, used to maintain a small distaff side for message deliveries in interoffice work. The messenger-boy situation didn't tighten up until last fall, when the boys began going into better-paying places left vacant by men who had joined the armed forces. In less than a year, the feminine infiltration has reached twenty-five per cent at Postal and twelve per cent at Western Union, and more girls are joining up every day. Delivering messages is not regarded as a job with a future. The companies have found that many of their girls just take the job to tide themselves over until they can complete an evening course in stenography or spot-welding. Consequently, there's a pretty high turnover, but the work is unskilled and it is easy to break in replacements.

During the last war both companies hired men who were too old for the draft, but found they had trouble getting rid of them when the war was over. This time Western Union has taken on nothing but girls; Postal has recently added a few men beyond military age, but these are mostly for the delivery of heavy packages or for night work. Guarding against the possibility of their girl messengers' being subjected to fresh talk or worse, the companies use them only for deliveries in the business sections between the Battery and Fifty-ninth Street. Calls to residences, long treks, night duty, and so on are left to the boys and men. It happens that work of this sort is what brings the most tips, so the boys aren't as jealous as they might be of their new colleagues. The girls are chosen for efficiency and not for looks, but there is at least one instance of matrimony resulting from the meeting of messenger and addressee. No staff romances to date, probably because until lately the girls were all much older than the boys. The minimum age limit for the girls up to May was twenty-one. Now the State Industrial Commissioner has recognized telegraph deliveries as a vital war necessity and given the companies permission to hire girls of eighteen. "So, you might say, anything can happen," a personnel manager of one of the companies remarked to us, adding, "We expect the worst."

The girls aren't allowed bicycles and they work within a small radius of their offices, but at that they walk about twelve miles a day. They have been known to come padding back to the office in their stocking feet, holding their slippers. As evidence of the girls' superiority over boys in special instances, we were told of an actress (you wouldn't know her name if we were fool enough to mention it) who insists on having a girl messenger to walk her dog, because it's a girl dog, and of a lady who sometimes sends for a girl to mind her baby. Both Postal and Western Union are proud to be able now to offer mixed quartets for singing telegrams. The greatest reward for the girls, probably, is the fact that British soldiers and sailors frequently salute them, out of a mistaken notion that they're members of our armed forces.

4-F

A PHYSICIAN we know, making his leisurely way up to the Presbyterian Hospital by Fifth Avenue bus, became interested in the conversation of two young ladies ahead of him. "I simply can't understand why the Army hasn't snapped him up long before this," one of them said. "As I understand it, it's his eyes," said the other. She went



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on to retail such amazing symptoms of eye abnormality that our friend was tempted to interrupt her with some questions of his own. It's as well he didn't, because it developed a moment later that they were talking about Superman.

Crop Report

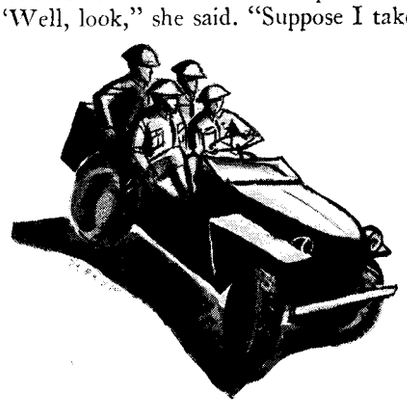
A LADY who knows a thing or two about farming called us up with a detailed indictment of the victory garden in the Radio City Promenade: the tomato plants, she said, appeared to be bearing no fruit, the broccoli had been allowed to go to seed, the squash plants had large blossoms but no squashes, the cornstalks were tied with string to supports, in a way she found effete—"and who, God wot, eats Swiss chard?" she concluded. We strolled up to Radio City during our lunch hour and got in touch with Mr. A. M. Van den Hoek, who is to the growing things of Radio City what Erno Rapee is to the Music Hall orchestra. We put our questions to him and he entered a general denial at once. "Radio City isn't in the vegetable business," he told us. "We let some of the vegetables go to seed, for instance, because it would spoil the symmetry of the gardens to pick them." At Radio City, the values of the average farm are reversed; display comes before nutrition. Getting down to particulars, he told us that the reason the squash plants aren't bearing is that they're sexually frustrated. For one thing, no bees are present to perform their traditional function. A gentle breeze might do the trick, in the absence of bees, but the downdraft from the R.C.A. Building is not gentle. "We've tried to brush the pollen from plant to plant with rabbits' tails, but it hasn't worked very well," Van den Hoek sighed.

The force of the downdraft also explains the tied-up cornstalks. Crossing this off our list, we next inquired about the tomatoes. Van den Hoek told us, somewhat bitterly, that it was a natural mistake to suppose they weren't bearing. They *are* bearing, but people keep picking them as fast as they ripen. Not only the tomatoes have thus been ravaged, but almost all the carrots, some ears of corn, and (incredible as it may seem) almost all the parsley. Just the other night, Van den Hoek was coming through the Promenade and saw a well-dressed lady with a dog on a leash, picking his tomatoes. He asked her what she thought she was doing, and she replied with perfect poise, "I'm hungry." This stunned Van den Hoek, and the lady led her dog off toward Sixth Avenue.

Van den Hoek then took us on a tour of his victory garden, starting with the tomato plants which nod above the sunken plaza. Sure enough, several unripe tomatoes could be seen. Van den Hoek next called our attention to the tattered leaves on the cornstalks. "The wind rips them," he said. At the bean patch, in front of Albert Leonard George's, Van den Hoek handed us a bean to snap, then suddenly darted off to remonstrate with a fellow who was lounging back onto one of the beds. "You're sitting on our chard," Van den Hoek said sharply. The man, looking nervous, walked away. We also inspected the broccoli and cabbage (gone to seed), the radishes (a trifle runty), the beets (just the right size now), the carrot bed (what remains of it), and the chives (Van den Hoek ate a couple). "Whatever we can save from the public here, like string beans and tomatoes, we give to the doormen, patrolmen, and janitors," he told us. Just then a patrolman strolled by, and Van den Hoek said, "How were the tomatoes, Mac?" "You've spoiled my wife," Mac told him. "From now on she don't want nothing but Rockefeller tomatoes." "See?" said Van den Hoek proudly. He pressed a Rockefeller green pepper in our hand, and sped us on our way.

Ethics

A FLIGHTY matron we know got embroiled with Macy's over an article which she returned, unused, with a request for a refund. Macy's said sorry, the ten-day period during which refunds are permitted had elapsed, and the best they could do was issue a credit slip entitling her to purchase something else that cost the same amount. She gamely carried the battle all the way to the office of somebody who was, obviously, a rather important executive. He stood firm on the credit-slip dictum. "Well, look," she said. "Suppose I take a credit slip and buy something else with it. I could return it immediately and ask for a cash refund, couldn't I?" "You couldn't," he told her, "but even if you could it wouldn't be cricket."



General Ike

LIEUTENANT GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, who went to London a few weeks ago as Commanding General of the United States Army Forces in the European Theatre of Operations, is a handsome, friendly, determined man with a broad smile, broad shoulders, a long waist, and a passion for Oriental rugs, fried-egg sandwiches, the study of strategy and tactics, tanks, early rising, golf, bridge, poker, trout fishing, and flying. He took up this last occupation four years ago, when he was forty-seven, and got a pilot's license. He was born in Tyler, Texas, where his father, a construction engineer who recently died at the age of eighty, was on a job building an ice plant. The future general was two months old when he moved to the family home in Abilene, Kansas, a large, white, old-fashioned structure still occupied by his mother, a medium-sized, white, old-fashioned lady of eighty-one who weeds her garden, feeds her chickens, and keeps tabs on her five living sons. There were seven in all, and no girls. Mrs. Eisenhower, Sr., is probably the only person in the world who calls the General by his given name; everyone else calls him Ike, Colonel Ike, Uncle Ike, or General Ike. The nickname goes back to early boyhood, when it was bestowed on him by fellow-Abilenians in the interest of assonance. His mother pretends to be unaware that this sort of thing is going on, and once, when her daughter-in-law wrote her that she and Ike hoped to stop off in Abilene on a trip they were contemplating, Mother Eisenhower replied that this sounded like a nice idea, but who in heaven was this Ike she was travelling around with?

We are indebted for all this information to our nonmilitary attaché in Washington, who in turn is indebted to the General's wife, currently residing in the Wardman Park Hotel, and to the General's brother Milton, deputy director of Elmer Davis's office. Mrs. Eisenhower told our man that her husband's family came to this country from Switzerland in 1732 and that she married him in 1916 when he was a second lieutenant one year out of West Point, following a resolute courtship during which he scared away all her other beaux.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We ought to do something—we can't leave everything to the Red Army, you know."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She has the greatest sympathy with her mother-in-law in the matter of nicknames, since her own son, John, now in his second year at West Point, is called Eisey by his classmates. The General, Mrs. Eisenhower said, has never brought his professional troubles home with him. "Ike runs his office," she amplified, "and I run the house. My chief household problem, outside of the usual Army ones of having to move frequently at short notice and holding dinner till all hours, is how to build a home around our collection of Oriental rugs." She pointed to several colorful examples on the floor of her living room. "It's the dickens to try to build a room around these," she said moodily. "Ike is not an ornate man by any manner of means, but he does love beautiful Oriental rugs." Our man nodded sympathetically and besought a further comment on the General, preferably one that would not have to be cleared through the War Department before publication. "Every tooth in his head is his own," said Mrs. Eisenhower. "He has two tiny fillings the size of a pinpoint. He has greenish blue eyes which are sometimes as blue as they can be. He likes to know everything and is a brilliant conversationalist. I've listened to him for twenty-six years and he still fascinates me."

To the Rescue

THIS little story is set down with the precautionary warning that it probably reports an exception to the rule that civilian first-aid units are, by and large, well trained and efficient. A tanker was torpedoed a week or so ago off a small Florida town, and the first-aid ladies turned out to administer to the sailors who came floundering through the surf from the lifeboats. The excitement of the moment was too much for the ladies. Instead of getting their patients to lie down quietly for a rest, they just kept them standing on the beach and asked eager questions, and in the absence of hot tea, the approved stimulant in such cases, they yielded to the hearty suggestions of an untrained and ill-advised male who had hurried up with four or five bottles of whiskey. The result was that several of the survivors were in a rollicking frame of mind when they got to the hospital. One lady chattily inquired of a sailor, as she poured him a hooker of booze, whether this was his first trip to Florida. He mumbled something that could have meant that it was. "And how do you like it?" the lady asked.

"No doubt about it, P. J. We face a complete reversal of our editorial policy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACANCY IN WESTCHESTER

THE first few months everyone had been lovely. All the other war wives from all the other little houses in Westchester had come over, pleasant young women who could be coaxed, often as not, into staying for dinner. Norman himself had managed to get home on leaves rather more frequently than the men who were sent down South. There had been some point to keeping the house then, but now, with Norman in Australia, Barbara wanted more than anything else to go someplace where they had people, activity, and human noises at night. She found herself unable to respond when women in neat uniforms spoke about the marvellous outlets to be found locally. For reasons she now and then conceded to be unsound and no doubt reprehensible, she did not think that her part of Westchester was likely to be bombed.

She could understand Norman's wanting her to remain in their home. They had themselves drawn the plans for the house during the period of their engagement four years before, and they had watched it go up almost brick by brick. Much of the furniture was of Norman's own making. Just the month before his induction he had built some bookshelves especially to accommodate his enormous photograph albums. He had a need to believe that the house was still there and Barbara in it. Had there been even the slightest chance of his coming home, if only for a weekend leave, she would not have thought of moving to the city. As it was, she did not know what to do.

Norman had been full of misconceptions about the way Barbara was to get on. In particular, he had repeatedly made himself clear on the subject of men. "Look, darling," he'd said, "we know where we stand. Nobody could confuse us now. You go out with anyone you like and as often as you like. Sure, they'll make passes at you—they'd be blind not to. You just handle them the way you handled me for more than a year. You'll know how to drop them if they get obnoxious. And there's always old Edgar to fall back on if it's an escort you need."

Old Edgar, who was thirty-one, had been fallen back on just twice. The second time, he took Barbara to a show in New York, fed her an extravagant meal at the Rainbow Room, and tried to neck her in the car on the Saw Mill River Parkway. Afterward he had asked for Norman's address. He said he knew how much soldiers liked to get mail.

Two days later he called up. "Are you angry?" he asked.

"No."

"Free for dinner tomorrow?"

"No."

"Day after?"

"Afraid not."

"Then you are angry."

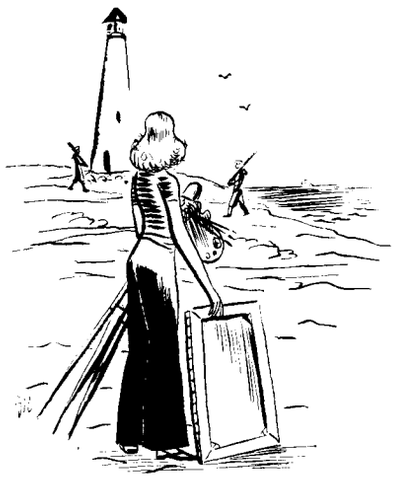
"No," she said. "Just don't want to see you."

"I'm sorry. I don't imagine an apology would help?"

"For God's sake, skip it. I just feel nasty, that's all. Call me up some other time, will you?"

She did not really want him to call again and he seemed to gather as much, because he never did. It was all she could do to keep from writing about him to Norman. Edgar had been their sole remaining unmarried friend in the vicinity. The rest had drifted away, and she only now grasped just why. Visiting at the homes of neighboring couples, she felt inadequate, unequal to handling what would have been Norman's end of the conversation, and essentially unsympathetic to the women's now meaningless little problems. She found herself spending a good deal of time at the tennis club, where, with a few exceptions, like Neil Berrien, the people were too young.

Neil was new in town. He had just been employed by the club in some ambiguous capacity resembling that of a professional. When he gave Barbara her second lesson he laid such emphasis on the need to maintain the fiction of his amateur standing that she naturally asked why, and they had a long talk over some bottles of Coca-Cola. It was the first time she ever noticed that he had two fingers missing from his left hand. Barbara thought she would not have been so sharply aware of such a flaw if he had not, in other respects, been so magnificently built.



"I have to remain an amateur," he said, "in order to win the National Championship."

"Don't tell me there is a chance you might. I wouldn't dare get on that court again. Are you ranked?"

"Not this year. Insufficient competition. Last year I was twelfth."

"Nationally?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord. I had no idea."

"I'm really better than twelfth, particularly now, with most of the good men turned pro. Does that surprise you?"

"Why, yes," she said, "a little. I thought of ranking tennis players as rather dull young men about twenty years of age."

"I know tournament playing is not usually regarded as an occupation for adults, but there are some of us at it. Every once in a while I have to remind myself that Tilden was over thirty when he hit his peak. If these missing fingers keep me out of the Army until the fall and I do well on the circuit, I have a pretty good chance of taking the National. Then I'd turn pro. It's the only way I'll ever make five thousand dollars in one piece."

"And then will you pay off the family mortgage?"

"Not exactly," Neil said. "But I have to put my hands on a chunk of money at least that large and in a hurry. Can you suggest some other way?"

After a while he told her why he wanted the five thousand. There was a girl he wanted to send to a good psychiatrist. The sanatorium where she now stayed was an inferior one, and for all he knew the people in charge were doing more harm than good.

"Well, don't let me get sombre," he added. "Shall we try a few more rallies?"

Barbara did not think he felt like playing. "Not now," she said. "Tomorrow, perhaps. I think I'll go home and see if there's anything in the afternoon mail."

THE hunch turned out well. She found a fine, fat letter from Norman. It started off all right, but by the second page she could tell he was feeling rotten. His handwriting was barely legible.

"There's a line everybody pulls here," he wrote. "Goes something like this: When you're down here a few weeks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you start talking to yourself. After that you find yourself talking to the lizards. In another couple of weeks you find the lizards talking to you. Then you find yourself listening."

His camera had been stolen by one of the comrades in arms. He'd been bitten by a species of sand fly and the infection, while not serious enough to require hospital treatment, kept him awake nights.

Then, after eight lines blotted out by the censor, the letter resumed in the middle of a sentence: " . . . get home I will sit in the tub for the first ten hours and you will bring me lime rickeys at regular intervals. After that I will go to bed and sleep for two days. Images like this keep me going.

"I've even succeeded in convincing myself that the war will be over in six months, so you can see my mind has also been slightly impaired. We should win —must, I guess. I'd run amuck if after all this, and I don't mean the sand flies, they made a compromise peace. Not that there has ever been a period of peace based on anything but a series of temporary and always disgraceful compromises. Never mind. I can't and don't want to think in Large Historical Perspectives at this point.

"When I get home, though, I will want to do a lot of concentrated thinking. I don't believe I'll go back to work the first year. We'll sell the acreage on the lake and live on what we get for that. I will want to be alone, entirely alone with you in our house. Please drop the idea of renting it. I know living alone must present problems, but can't you get Mother or somebody to move in with you? I don't want any strangers having the run of the place. I hope I'm not being too arbitrary."

The letter ran to fourteen pages, but Barbara read it over several times. She sat down and answered it at once, although she had written only the day before. She told him she would not rent the house and went into all the details she knew he liked to read about—the flowers, the ivy, the vegetables, the badminton court. When she finished writing there was still an hour to go before dinner.

She did not have to look in the paper to know what programs were on the radio. It was the time for the most fatuous of the cereal serials. She walked upstairs aimlessly. The closet door was open. She took out an old blouse and sewed new buttons on it. Then she went downstairs and made a note to buy a permanent needle for the phonograph. She was looking at the shelves for a book to read when the bell rang.

At the door, Neil Berrien was holding onto his bicycle and smiling, a little awkwardly. He said, "I thought I'd come by, see if you wanted to have dinner with me at the Inn. We could walk down."

Barbara was glad to see Neil and she asked him to come in. Then, because she knew he did not have much money, she said, "Why don't we eat up here instead? It's the girl's night out and I was planning to get rid of all the leftovers in my refrigerator anyway."

"Thanks. Shall I ride downtown for some things?"

"I think I have everything. Tell you what you can do. See that bed of mint? Get a few sprigs and I'll stir up some drinks."

Mixing the Tom Collinses, she remembered that she hadn't had a drink since the stupid evening with Edgar. What a good idea it had been not to write Norman about that little occurrence. After he got home she would tell him, though, particularly if old Edgar insisted on coming around then. Norman would find other friends. He would certainly like this new man, Berrien. He had always complained about the lack of decent tennis players in the neighborhood. He would probably be familiar with Neil's tournament record for the last ten years.

Neil made himself useful in getting up the meal and afterward he helped with the dishes. Barbara was almost frightened to think how happy she was over the presence of a man again in the kitchen—a stranger, yes, but pleasant and friendly. They had another round of Tom Collinses and sat in the wicker chairs on the porch. There was still some light in the west. The frogs were exceptionally loud that night.

"Norman must be a good man," he said. "I can see by his things. I'll never have a place like this."

"Why not?"

"Still mad?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIGHT WATCH

"Here they are at last. I hope they had a pleasant evening."

•

"Those five thousand dollars will stretch just so far."

"Do you really think you'll be able to get it?"

"I've got to," he said. "Fingers or no fingers, I couldn't very well stay out of the Army if I didn't have that money to earn. At least, so I tell myself."

"Are you sure it would cost that much?"

"With the doctor I have in mind, it would, and it's certain to mean a long, expensive hospital treatment. I might as well tell you what's wrong with her. It's a form of dementia praecox. It's often curable, of course, but one can never be sure. Still, if there's a chance in a million, she's got it coming. I'm in love with her."

He entered into some clinical detail with understanding and delicacy. He had obviously done a great deal of reading on the subject and struggled to maintain detachment. He said if the psychiatrist thought marriage would help to nurse her back to health, he would marry her. When he finished talking about her he grew less tense and spoke of the girls he had been going with recently. He was a little too self-consciously casual, Barbara thought, in what he said about some of the girls at the club, but he mentioned no names. Then, somewhat out of context, he asked Barbara if she was in love with Norman.

"Yes," she said. "Very much."

"I thought so. I'm glad."

They did not speak for a long time. If he tries to kiss me now, she thought, I will kiss him, because he also is alone—no, because he is so beautiful—and then I will make him go away. He must not come here again.

Neil got to his feet and said he'd been keeping her up late enough and what a good evening he'd had and would she be at the club tomorrow. She said she didn't know. They shook hands and he rode away on the bicycle.

BARBARA went back to the living room. The door of the liquor cabinet was open, and she poured herself a jigger of Norman's brandy. How lucky it was that she had not asked Neil to mail that letter to Australia. The house must be rented. She must not have Neil coming here. She would have to move to the city, where they had people, movement, activity, and human noises at night. She threw herself on the couch and buried her head in the cushions to shut out the croaking of the frogs. First thing tomorrow she would place an ad in one of the Sunday papers.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the introduction to the second edition of Bertrand Russell's "Principles of Mathematics"*]

For in that case there would be one class, the null-class; two classes of classes, namely, the class of no classes and the class whose only member is the null-class; and four classes of classes of classes, namely the one which is null, the one whose only member is the null class of classes, the one whose only member is the class whose only member is the null-class, and the one which is the sum of the last two.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMPROBABLE EMPIRE

THE INTELLECTUAL TEA PARTY

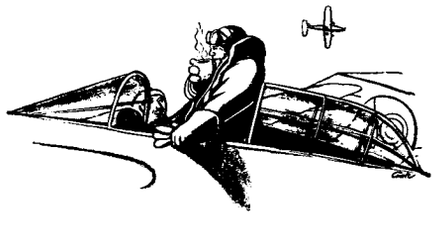
I LEARNED some six or seven weeks after my first lectures at the Imperial Tohoku University in the winter of 1938 that one of the various functions I was expected to perform as Professor of Literature was to be host at a weekly tea party for students of the College of Letters and Jurisprudence. The information was conveyed to me in an indirect, almost accidental fashion which was characteristic of all my relations with the Tohoku University. One afternoon I was reading in the living room of my house when a tall young man with a mouth full of gold teeth knocked shyly at the window and made gestures and small grimaces that I understood as a request to be let indoors. I recognized him as Cho San, a student with an English vocabulary of possibly a hundred and fifty words who had joined my course in English poetry (thus swelling the total enrollment to three) the previous week. I opened the window.

"Professor Barker," Cho San said slowly, and then gazed vacantly at me for several seconds without adding another syllable. I leaned on the window sill and looked down at him with a kind of sympathetic anticipation. He made embarrassed motions of washing his hands together and began murmuring to himself in his own tongue. "Yes, Cho San?" I said encouragingly. Fixedly staring up at me from beneath the window, he succeeded finally in speaking. "I have come to tea," he said. I could think of nothing better to reply than to ask him why. He answered, in time, that it was Wednesday. I agreed that it was. He said that Wednesday was the day the students took tea with the Professor of Literature. I expressed ignorance and surprise. "However, Cho San," I said, "perhaps next Wednesday you will call on me with any other students who wish to spend an afternoon discussing nothing much in particular?" Cho San rolled his cap desperately in his hands, smiled, and walked away.

I hoped I had not hurt Cho San's feelings, and then it occurred to me that I knew next to nothing about his feelings. During my lectures he had seemed quite unresponsive to the subject under discussion but had exhibited a great deal of curiosity about the political situation in England; that is, he had repeatedly asked the question "How many Communists in England?" (I give his question verbatim.) He asked me this about three times a lecture, seeming to take as evasive my reply that I had absolutely no idea. At one lecture, when I was in the process of explaining that A. E. Housman ought not to be regarded as a truly "difficult" poet, Cho San had interrupted my remarks by asking, as I happened to pass him where he sat, "You are Communist, Professor Barker, no?" "No, Cho," I said in a heavy aside, and continued with my remarks about Housman. I was talking in this way about Housman because Hikaru, my most gifted student, had complained that the line "The chestnut casts its flambeaux" had no meaning. I went on to explain that "flambeau" was French for torch and that Housman used the word metaphorically. All three students looked at me in stupefaction, and Hikaru, who was translating Joyce into Japanese, asked, "How can the chestnut tree throw torches? It has none." At that point I began to understand why communication on fundamentals will never be possible with the Japanese. They simply do not understand the function of metaphor. Everything is taken quite literally. The Japanese mind fails to recognize the resemblances in things generally. What is absent, in fact, is what Occidentals are in the habit of terming imagination. What is present is the fancifulness that arranges flowers charmingly in bowls or invents tortures.

THE following Wednesday my three students came to tea: Hikaru, the self-appointed translator of Joyce; Takuichi, who held the opinion that Ernest Dowson was not only the greatest but also the only poet in English; and the politically curious Cho. All three wore spectacles and, as I knew from my own observations, represented the intellectual aristocracy of the university. They read French novels and wrote imitations of Zola in Japanese; they subscribed to English literary papers and wore the nails of their little fingers unusually long to distinguish themselves from manual laborers.

"I must apologize," I began as they seated themselves in my living room, "for not having invited you to take tea with me before this. The fact is that I was ignorant of the practice. I hope that you will forgive my omission." The formality of this opening put them at once at their ease. They smiled and nodded their heads. I poured tea. After they all were served, Hikaru said, "Mr. Barker, we do not wish to"—he sought hard for the word—"to trouble you, but we do not much have the chance of talking to foreigners. There are many subjects on which we feel more in sympathy with you than we do with the Japanese."



"You know," I said, "that the police, after examining my letters, have done me the distinction of placing my name on the blacklist? Doesn't this deter you?"

Hikaru smiled. "No, it does not. The police do not like us, either."

Cho, who had visibly been preparing to speak for some minutes, put down his cup. "The China War, which will never end, it takes us all," he said. "Takuichi and I go next year." Takuichi nodded, and in his more fluent English remarked rather sadly, "But I have been waiting to go for so long that when I go it will be a relief." He paused for a moment, then went on, "We know that you do not like Japan, Mr. Barker. But I wish to tell you that if you think that either Hikaru or Cho or me likes Japanese Fascism, you do us wrong. The Japanese Fascism is false. We Japanese are romantics. We hate war."

"We are artists," Hikaru added, not, I thought, without an accent of pride. "We are given to suicide and—how shall I say it?—theatricals. Theatrical gestures."

"No," Cho said suddenly. "It is not so. Japan is small but is determined to be big. It is"—he also searched desperately for the word—"imperialistic."

"And what do you feel about fighting in China, Takuichi?" I asked. "Or you, Cho? You both, as I understand it, despise Fascism in Japan, or anywhere else, for that matter. Then how do you feel about fighting against the Chinese? They may be this, that, and the other, but they're certainly not Fascist."

Takuichi spoke with a kind of impersonal resignation. "I have written a novel on the state of the common people in this country," he said, "but no one will publish it. Not because it is bad but because it is dangerous. I do not want to fight the Chinese, but if I refuse, I shall be put in prison or worse. There is no pity here as you know pity. Shinto and the Fascists have killed it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What can we do?" Hikaru said slowly. "Japan is in the hands of the military. They assassinate the liberal. The police arrest the student with a volume of Marx in his possession. We have the choice of fighting in China or going to prison here. We are not martyrs. We like Japan. We hate only the politicians who have changed Japan. So we go to China and die."

"For China is too big and Japan is too small," Cho said.

I POURED out more tea and offered them cigarettes. They insisted on smoking their own because of the tobacco scarcity. Hikaru said precipitately, "Professor Barker, do you like we Japanese?"

The three of them sat back in their chairs, and I sensed an approaching climax. "Why, yes, Hikaru," I said. "I like you Japanese." They looked up at me in surprise. "You three."

The discussion became incandescent. They asked why I disliked the Japanese. I replied because they were subhuman.

"Subhuman?" murmured Hikaru. "But how?"

It was my opinion, I explained, that any nation which failed to establish in an accepted constitution all the fundamental prerogatives of the human being was subhuman. "The Japanese nation," I said, "is suffering at this moment a condition of poverty and privation that only a subhuman people would permit to persist. If the Japanese were human, they would have revolted. They have not revolted. I conclude they are subhuman." I turned to speak directly to Takuichi. "Why do you do nothing," I asked out of real concern, "although you despise the government in power?"

"We are not martyrs," Takuichi said.

"Then I correct myself," I said. "Japan is not subhuman. It needs martyrs."

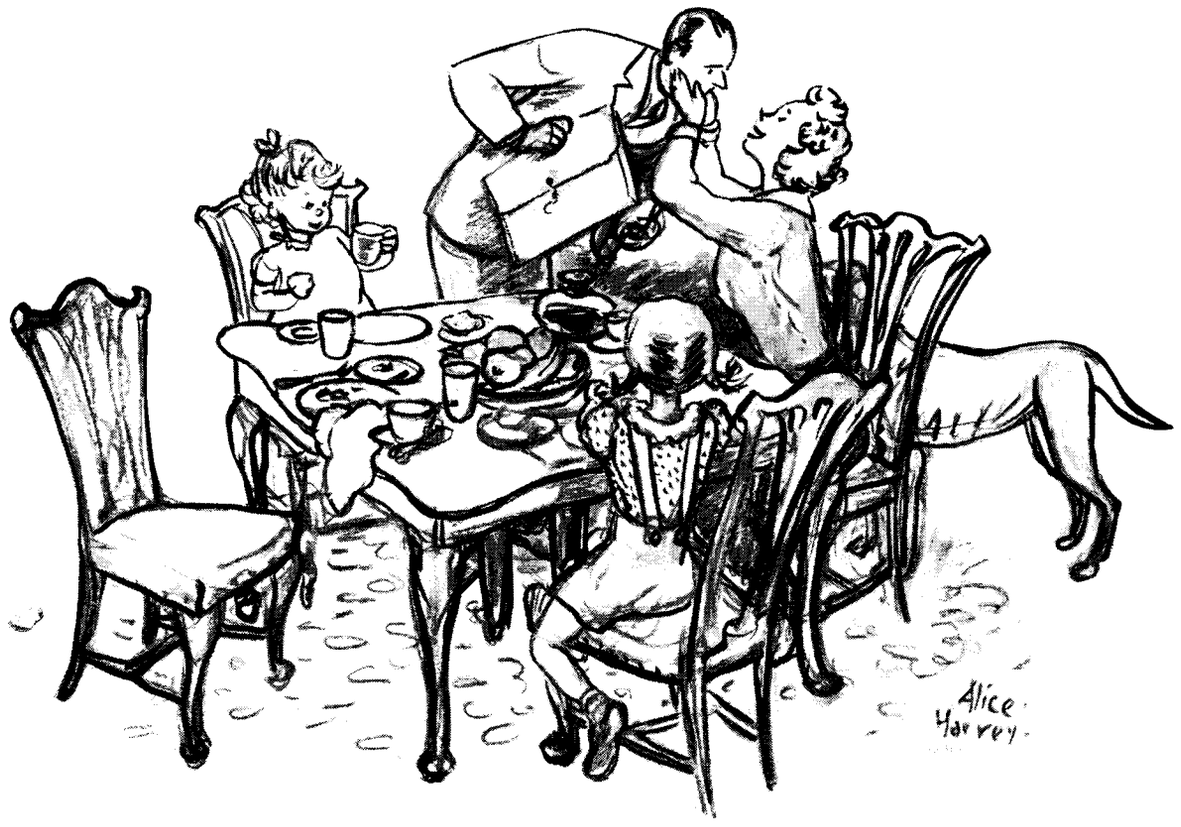
"What good does it do?" Hikaru said. "Look at the Baroness Ishimoto. She spoke of these things. She accused the government of Fascism. She has been in prison for three years. She is a martyr. What good does it do?"

"Does it do you no good to think of this?" I asked him. "I should think that the Baroness was not wasted in prison. She has given a precedent. That is the hardest of all things to give. A dozen baronesses and the era of so-called *Showa* [peace and enlightenment] would be truly an era of peace. What is it now?"

"It has all happened too quickly," Takuichi said. "Japan is suffering from historical indigestion. This gives us bad dreams. The bad dreams are violence, aggression, imperialism, and war."

Hikaru nodded. "Twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, all Japanese students were Socialists, like all English students," he said. "My father spoke in public on the subject of the emancipation of women in Europe. Now the students are forbidden to read Socialism and my father dare not speak in public on any subject but classic Japanese literature."

THEY drank more tea and the conversation petered out. I had the feeling of being faced with three young men whom events had rendered spiritually bankrupt and intellectually powerless. They spoke with nobility and absolute resignation. The passivity of their pessimism depressed me even more than the pessimism itself, for I saw no possibility of action ever emerging from such passivity. Suddenly I recalled my notion about the absence of imagination in the Japanese and I was convinced that while the Japanese may be able to produce imitations of various Occidental gadgets—the sewing machine, the electric razor, and the submarine—they cannot emulate the American or the French or the Russian Revolution. It takes a militant imagination to start one of those. —GEORGE BARKER



"Goodbye, darling. Come home early. Remember, I promised you for the air-raid drill tonight. You're to be a victim pinned under a pole in front of the A.&P."

•

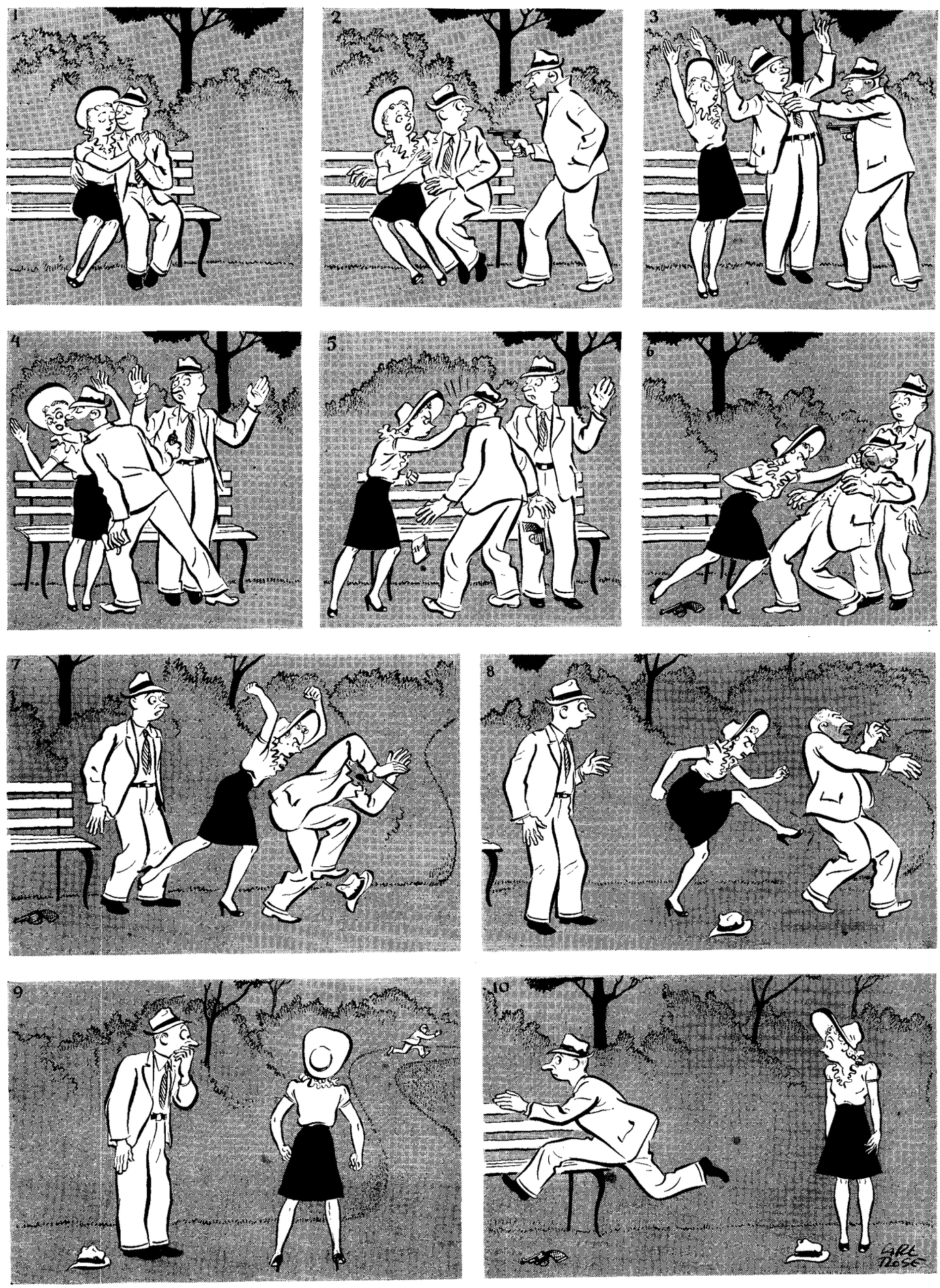
•

ET. ERIE, ONT. (U.P.)—Farmer Elred Brank was arrested on an intoxication charge. The arresting officer said that he found Brank weeping bitterly because he could not coax his horse into accompanying him into a taproom.

Many species of tropical insects suspend their nests in midair, as a protection against ants.—*Wyoming Eagle, Cheyenne.*

Different problem entirely. It's one thing to be lonely, it's another to be scared.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

NO. 11 DOWNING STREET

IT is possible that the present position of Sir Stafford Cripps as the only serious runner-up to the great and legendary Churchill is an embarrassment to him. He is not temperamentally well cast as a potential Brutus. The fact remains, however, that he has been put into that unlikely rôle by the sheer force of English public opinion, even by those elements which used to deplore him as a Red Peril and see nothing funny now in their passionately proclaiming him as a White Hope. His extraordinary metamorphosis from a political figure who held only a quavery, intermittent spotlight into a candidate for the next tenancy of No. 10 Downing Street actually came about overnight. Mass Observation, an English organization of trained observers who check up on man-in-the-street reactions, reports that when Cripps, the outgoing Ambassador to Russia, slipped back unobtrusively from Moscow on January 23rd of this year, the public did not give one prophetic twitch. Then, on Sunday evening, February 8th, he made a B.B.C. speech summing up his stewardship in Russia. The following morning another Mass Observation check revealed that the resulting comment was more enthusiastic than any ever drawn by a Churchill speech. There is a popular theory in England that if Cripps had returned from India with a workable remedy for Britain's biggest headache in his pocket, the Premiership might also have slid into his pocket before the year was out. Others believe that his moment has not yet come and that his will be the job of peaceful reconstruction, in which Churchill, fundamentally a man of war who sees things, à la Marlborough, as a series of grandiloquent military moves, is noticeably less interested. "We want Churchill to win the war," the cliché goes, "but Cripps to win the peace."

Pictorially, the two men could not be less alike. The British people have long and almost religiously identified leadership with the enormous bowed shoulders, the prominent jaw, the head thrust forward as though out of some protective shell, the small flipper convivially waving the cigar. On their consciousness was suddenly impinged the tall, slender figure of Stafford Cripps, the neat scholastic face, the vegetarian personality. As colleagues, the Prime Minister and his Lord Privy Seal are said to get on fine. It is certain that Cripps's complete political fearlessness must make a powerful appeal to Churchill, who has suffered from being surrounded by men who don't reach up to him and can't stand up to him. Cripps does and can, and undoubtedly will. The Churchill and Cripps families are on friendly visiting terms. When Sir Stafford went to New Delhi, Mrs. Churchill invited Lady Cripps down to Chequers, the Prime Minister's country residence, exactly as any thoughtful boss's wife would remember to invite the wife of a younger colleague who was away on the firm's business.

Cripps is fairly young as they come in English politics, where statesmen usually mature slowly. He is fifty-three. Those who get a bit hazy over titles find him something of a teaser, because he is an Honourable in his own right, by virtue of being the youngest son of the late Lord Parmoor, and a knight willy-nilly, because the office of Solicitor General, which he held in the Labour government in 1930, traditionally carries that handle. Even if he had not been born in the easy, moneyed, cultured set in which he was brought up, he would probably be exactly where he is today. He has always known what he wanted with a clarity which to him is overpoweringly simple. This luminous knowledge has frequently been mistaken for the ambition of a complicated careerist, but ambition doesn't seem to bulk large in his makeup, though he would doubtless accept the power and responsibility of a top position without hesitation if he felt convinced that it would further the things he believes in. No man who was tenderly nursing his career, for instance, would have taken what amounted to a running jump off the political dock so often and so recklessly for matters of principle which a more astute politician would have found convenient to drop in the ashcan when nobody was looking. Cripps has never been an astute politician. He has none of the guile necessary for playing the great English game of politics, which to him is simply a means to the end of making life more tolerable for the greatest number of people. His devastating integrity has frequently played into the hands of his enemies and caused his friends to tear their hair. "Caesar's wife," one of the friends once

Sir Stafford Cripps

said, "isn't in it with Stafford." However much one admired that lady, she probably was at times a slight nuisance around the house to people of weaker fibre, which is exactly how Cripps's most loyal supporters have occasionally felt about him during a career which has been plentifully sprinkled with moral showdowns.

AS a public figure, Cripps shapes up somewhat austerely. The English are lovers of red meat and beer, are fond of a bet and a good laugh, and of a man who can enjoy all these things with the best of them. Cripps is a vegetarian and a non-drinker, and recently spoke against carrying on horse and dog racing as usual in wartime. Though no one would accuse him of being much of a cutup, he does have a vein of schoolboyish high spirits, which used to reveal itself in such little outbursts as tipping a legal friend's hat over his eyes while walking sedately through the dignified courts of the Temple or playfully flipping water at one of the family across the lunch table. Such prankish moments have become rarer in recent years, however. He took to his present celebrated diet of raw vegetables, cheese, and milk not so much because of principle as because of a sensible conviction that his tricky constitution, which includes a tendency to colitis, works best on it. He has two adopted sons, and it was one of them, Purcell Weaver, an enthusiast for the simple life, who converted him to the idea. Not only did Cripps embrace it with his usual thoroughness but he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Get ready! Here comes one now."

• •

financed Purcell in running a sort of dietetic guesthouse at Leatherhead, Surrey, where, before the war, intellectual kindred spirits used to turn up with knapsacks and bare knees for a fiesta of raw carrot. This scientific interest in trying anything once is typical of Cripps. Someone won him over to the doctrine of sleeping in the open air, and since then guests at Goodfellows, his Gloucestershire country place, have frequently been edified, on retiring to their comfortable bedrooms, by the spectacle of their host and hostess beating it to an especially porous chalet in the garden. He persisted with his diet even in Moscow, where the Polish Premier, General Wladyslaw Sikorski, who was visiting Russia, thoughtfully brought him some nuts and similar vegetarian trimmings picked up in Cairo on the way. A heavy smoker, he is inclined to be faddish about his pipes, and used to have a tenderness for one with an elaborate porcelain lining which was supposed to trap nicotine en route to the Cripps system. Since he doesn't drink, it is unfortunate that a serious nasal infection, contracted some years ago, has resulted in a thickening of the bridge of his nose, which gives it a distinctly bacchic appearance.

Cripps has the kind of long, sparsely fleshed face which looks well in a legal wig, and exceptionally piercing eyes behind large, horn-rimmed spectacles. His tall, rather boyish figure makes a good clotheshorse; he dresses well, favoring dark grays, and with a pernickety neatness. His mind is usually as unrumpled as his clothes. Friends and colleagues who have worked with him for years say that they can't remember an occasion when he has really gone off the deep end and lost his temper in a big way. With him, emotions burrow inward and are apt to produce what his friends call "iceberg moods," which come on unpredictably, take their course, and vanish. His associates have learned to wait patiently outside the Arctic Circle until the thaw sets in.

As is to be expected in one who attained top-ranking legal honors, Cripps is a magnificent speaker, though he is no orator. Sometimes his habit of presenting what he has to say in a lucid, tidy, but unspectacular fashion has disappointed audiences who were hoping for dramatic fireworks. The residents in one country constituency still remember a political meeting at which Cripps, the speaker of the evening, was introduced by the secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen. The secretary made a fiery speech, full of vigorous, table-thumping references to the People and fist-shaking references to the Government, and sat down in a roar of applause to make way for the lion of the occasion. Cripps got up with about half a dozen postcards, on which his notes were written, in one hand, which he kept rigidly clenched somewhere down the side of his trouser leg, and made a perfectly reasoned speech, which had about the same exhilarating effect on the audience as a sudden ducking in icy water. He has improved his platform technique a good deal lately and has developed a quietly intimate way of taking his listeners into a conspiracy of two ("As you and I, of course, have long been aware"), which goes over effectively on the air.

Though Cripps has an inexhaustible energy for making and filing away interesting new contacts (coupled with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an indifferent memory for names) it is hard to find anyone who claims to be a really close friend of his. Those who have been with him every step of the way speak of him with unbounded affection, but he has always been the type of man to attract acolytes rather than buddies. Maybe it is because he is mainly interested not so much in people as in the information they can give him, or in the creative thought they can stir up in his own mind. Maybe it is simply because friendship as a fine art needs leisure, and leisure is the one thing which Cripps, who has had almost everything else, has never had. He has had no time to cultivate the social graces, to read books unrelated to the job on hand, or to enjoy music and the theatre. Aside from sporadic tennis, the only relaxations he takes are mild psychotherapeutic ones, such as knitting and carpentry. The knitting was started when he was ill in France during the last war. He began by inventing intricate patterns that he worked out as precisely as a mathematical problem into sweaters for his children, and he progressed more ambitiously to hand weaving. "This was woven by the Lord Privy Seal," said a former secretary recently, whipping off a belt and passing it to her startled companion. It was a pretty brown affair with an orange pattern around the middle. Cripps's needles are not so busy now, but at one time a stall at an annual fete in his East Bristol constituency was regularly hung with woollies knitted by the Member. They invariably sold like hot cakes. His country home used to be full of the settles and tables that he knocked together in odd moments in his workshop.

Apart from these forms of mental aspirin, Cripps finds his most pleasurable diversion in talk. He loves good conversation and by preference consorts with those who can supply it. Although his own mind has a beautifully ground edge, he is not openly impatient with those whose brains work less nimbly. He suffers fools, perhaps not gladly but certainly gently. He has never been conspicuously gifted with the common touch, such as Churchill abundantly possesses, in his dealings with the humble have-nots for whose cause he has always worked; their immense faith in him is more the result of his sincerity than of popular, vote-compelling charm. Possibly he worried at one time over his lack of proletarian heartiness; political colleagues recall an occasion on which they watched him greet a worker with a shoulder-slapping, halloa-old-man joviality which sat on him as uneasily as a false beard. When he abruptly dropped it, both he and his victim seemed relieved.

CRIPPS's passionate sympathy for the underdog developed from a comfortable top-dog beginning. His father, who was given a peerage in 1914, was a Tory M.P. (who later, however, crossed over to the Left, anticipating his son) and a lawyer who specialized in the complexities of ecclesiastical law. Stafford had a bowing acquaintance with Socialism through his mother, a Miss Theresa Potter before her marriage and one of nine celebrated sisters. Another Potter girl, Beatrice, married Sidney Webb and was a leading figure in English Socialism, collaborating with her husband on several standard books on the subject, with titles such as "The Decay of Capitalist Civilization." Stafford is the youngest of four boys. His three older brothers dutifully showed their appreciation of the state of life to which God had been pleased to call them by, in due course, entering crack cavalry regiments and winging their way like homing pigeons to directors' tables in City board rooms. Their young brother turned out to be not nearly so certain as to what state God had called him to, though he conformed to the family pattern sufficiently to go to Winchester, his father's old school. His schoolfellows now recall him only vaguely during his first few years there as a stocky boy in glasses (the stockiness lasted into his later life, until his vegetarian diet fined him down to a more suitable ascetic leanness), but they are far more specific about his last year, when he suddenly leaped into prominence and glory as captain of the soccer team. That he made the team at all, being more of a star in the school laboratory than on the athletic field, was the result of the psychological perception of the captain before him, who put him in as twelfth man. The captain was due to leave school next term, as were all the other members of the team, and this astute embryo Churchill sensed potential qualities of leadership in young Cripps,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who, as the sole surviving member, would automatically succeed him. Cripps duly became captain and more than justified his predecessor's confidence. Unfortunately, the triumphs of his last year led to one of his bursts of high spirits, in which he composed an anonymous satire on leading Winchester personalities, had it printed, and did a brisk trade with it among visiting parents on the day of the Eton and Winchester cricket match. When the author was traced through the address of the printer, he was very nearly expelled, but the school had no wish to lose a brilliant scholar and he was reprieved.

After Winchester, Cripps attended University College in London, and after that he set out to be a chemist. He switched to the law when he was twenty-two, the same year he married Isobel Swithinbank, the daughter of a family that lived near his own. They have, in addition to their two adopted sons, one son and three daughters. The son, John, is now thirty, is on the staff of a rural magazine called *The Countryman*, and because of strong Quaker convictions is not in one of the services. The family run to convictions and have a healthy respect for one another's. Diana, the eldest girl, married Purcell Weaver, one of the adopted sons, but the marriage was dissolved and she is now known as Miss Cripps again. The two younger, Theresa and Peggy, are twenty-three and twenty-two. Theresa is a Wren and Peggy is a secretary at the British Embassy in Teheran, a job she picked up for herself after being evacuated from Moscow, where she and her sister went to keep their father company.

After the interruption of the first World War, in which Cripps was rejected by the Army on medical grounds, drove a Red Cross ambulance in France —where he contracted the stomach troubles which have since bothered him —and then became the assistant superintendent of a big explosives factory for the government, he settled down to his law practice. He was soon doing famously. Everyone seems to know how much he netted at the height of his eminence as counsel, but the figure is rarely the same. It has been put as high as fifty thousand pounds a year but was probably somewhere around half that figure. Cripps has always used his income unstintingly for political purposes and private charities. Patent and compensatory law were the special branches he dealt in. Former colleagues say that he never had to look over a brief more than once in order to master its essential details and that his way of speedily assimilating the technical "shop" which often comes up in a patent case resembled some uncanny mental shorthand. With his neat, scientific habit of mind he was able to work out his own system of preparing the notes which he took into court; they were set down in columns on paper which he had printed expressly for the purpose and gave him all the references he needed at a glance. As a cross-examiner, he was a terror. Without ever resorting to bullying or to unfair questions, he would extract the truth so delicately that the dazed witness often felt confusedly that he had parted with something precious under an anesthetic. Perhaps Cripps's most famous and successful case came up in 1929, a long and expensive wrangle over a dyeing-process patent between the powerful English Imperial Chemical Industries combine and the German I. G. Farbenindustrie trust. After that the briefs piled up thick in his chambers in Elm Court, which, together with most of the Temple, were completely destroyed in one of the bad blitzes of 1940 while Cripps was in Russia. In the same blitz he lost his treasured law library and an equally treasured blue-and-white porcelain plate, bearing the inscription *"Quand les parties sont des amis, les avocats sont des ânes,"* which always

A NICE PART OF TOWN

One would never assume, from the toy bulldogs taking the air
Or the doorman's smart salute at the entrance to the hotel

Or the attendant pushing the elderly invalid in the wheel chair
Or the pedestrian with the cornflower in his coat lapel

Or the general ease or the attention paid to the fingernails
Or the burden of the conversation on the slatted green bench

Or the seeming safety that guards the children and their sand pails
Or the pick-and-shovel men lunching in the open sewer trench,

That under the feet of these people the crust of the known world breaks
And the transformation of the familiar into something monstrous has begun.

Because they have governed or been governed by the blank check
And the French telephone and the memo scribbled on the small pad

Or have seen the ocean only as advertised from the steamer's deck
And the antitoxin has always been close at hand and so easily had

And the intricate and combined services of power and heat and light
Have fed them through tubes and mains for so long and so well,

They cannot conceive now of a world powerless and without light
Or a world in which, when the button is pressed, they shall not hear the bell.

So the uninjured imagination, limited to a tabloid's idea of disaster
And perhaps luckily seeing only what the camera allows to be seen—

Something with smoke in it and possibly flame and fallen timbers and plaster
But the firemen there on time and the brief caption describing the scene—

Walks out into the safe afternoon, where charged ferocities hang,
Full of real death and enormous explosions that actually go bang.

—Alfred Hayes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

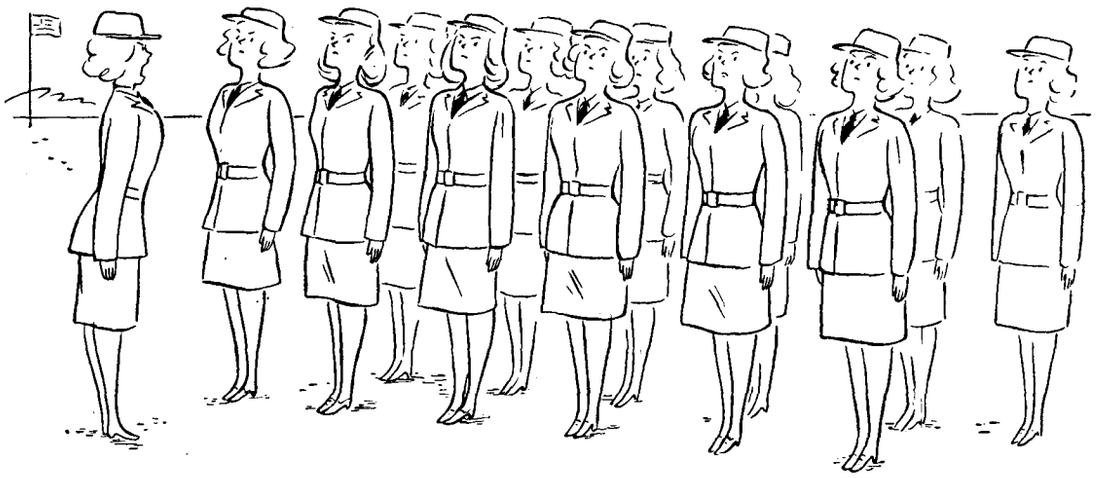
stood on his mantelpiece, between photographs of his wife and daughters, as a mascot.

CRIPPS was brought into politics in 1930 by Ramsay MacDonald, who felt that his newly formed Labour government could do with a stiffening of legal talent. He went straight to work as Solicitor General; then a seat was found for him at East Bristol. He is still the Member for East Bristol, which sometimes finds itself confused at being represented by a man who was exiled by the Labour Party in 1939 for advocating a Popular Front. This led to a ticklish situation when he went down there to address his constituents on his return from Russia, before he had been taken into the War Cabinet. Flustered Bristol Labourites rang up Party headquarters to ask if it was O.K. to go to hear him. After a little conferring, headquarters announced sternly that it was not O.K. to welcome Sir Stafford Cripps the M.P. for East Bristol, but it was perfectly O.K. to give a big hand to Sir Stafford Cripps the ex-Ambassador to the Soviet Union. The relieved constituents cut the M.P. dead, cheered the Ambassador, and a fine time was had by all.

The nine years that followed Cripps's entrance into the Labour Party were no political honeymoon. From the beginning he was regarded with jealousy and suspicion by the Party's Old Guard, who distrusted him as a wealthy amateur and feared him as a man with a load of mischief which might split the Party from top to bottom. His appalling habit of speaking what he felt to be the truth, no matter how much it prejudiced his own interests, did him no good with the Party Executive Committee, which came under his withering fire as frequently as did the Tories on the front bench. In 1937, when the European stage was darkening, Cripps was denouncing Labour leaders for hobnobbing with Tories such as Winston Churchill. "These flirtations with capital," he wrote sternly in a Socialist newspaper, "demonstrate an inferiority complex which is the prelude to submission and defeat." In more private and bitterer conversation with a friend, he observed, "The trouble is that we've got the servants'-hall mentality. We grumble about our betters, but when we get beyond the green baize door we're servile." Because his own birth had placed him beyond the green baize door, he had the formidable advantage of knowing exactly how the beings there could be expected to behave. Having one foot in the pantry and the other in the dining room made him a highly dangerous opponent but at the same time a somewhat uncomfortable colleague, who liked to attack with an aristocratic recklessness which scared the respectable pants off the Party Executive Committee. His championing, in 1937, of a United Front which declared for the merging of all the scattered Left Wing elements in England in a campaign against "Fascism, Reaction, War, and the National Government" thoroughly alarmed those members who had no taste for campaigning and simply wanted to be

"Al certainly leans over backward to be true to that girl in Scarsdale."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Rest!"

left alone to walk in their sleep toward the dark forest of Munich. Although Cripps was sternly reprimanded and the Socialist League, a Left Wing pep group he founded within the Party, was dissolved by the Executive Committee, the real break did not come until early in 1939, when he bobbed up again with a proposed Popular Front, which this time was to line up not only the working-class parties but any rebel Liberals and Conservatives who wanted to pop over and get into the fight. Cripps circulated a lengthy memorandum among the Party members, outlining a policy of immediate collective action with France, Russia, and the United States, improved social amenities for all, government control of the mining and other basic industries and of the Bank of England, and the carrying out of "the supreme, immediate, and essential task of getting rid of Chamberlain." The Party Executive Committee, seizing upon Cripps's independent circulating of this document as a breach of discipline, unfortunately decided that it was an excellent opportunity for the supreme, immediate, and essential task of getting rid of Cripps, who had played the thankless part of Jiminy Cricket once too often. With a practically unanimous "Goodbye, Mr. Cripps," the Labourites slung him out into the wilderness at a Party conference, an occasion which the cartoonist Low celebrated with a drawing called "Blimp's Purge," showing the celebrated Colonel blowing out his mustaches and declaring, "Gad, sir, the Labour Party is quite right to expel all but sound Conservatives."

In this, as in other crises in his career, the money which Cripps was making at the bar was disparagingly mentioned by critics who virtuously held that the little difficulty over the camel and the eye of a needle was nothing compared to the impossibility of a rich man's making out in the Labour Party. Since his program was to skin the capitalists and pass back the swag to the workers, the objection seems a trifle captious. He is privately open-handed with money to the point of mild dementia. When he was at his legal peak his chambers in the Temple were constantly cluttered up with total strangers hopeful of making a touch. They always did, sometimes to the slight alarm of Lady Cripps and Miss Gwendoline Hill, his confidential secretary at the time. In spite of their vigilance, the counsel would often shell out money to someone whose hard-luck story a child would probably view with suspicion. Owing to this habit of handing it around to any individual or cause that had roused his enthusiasm, he was by no means a rich man when, after his expulsion from the Labour Party and the outbreak of war, he decided to quit the bar and offer his services to the government. The accompanying dizzy drop in income entailed giving up Goodfellows, the Gloucestershire manor to which Cripps, the King's Counsel and parliamentarian, had enjoyed coming down weekends, getting out of his black working coat and striped trousers, and putting on the comfortably shabby clothes of Cripps the country landlord.

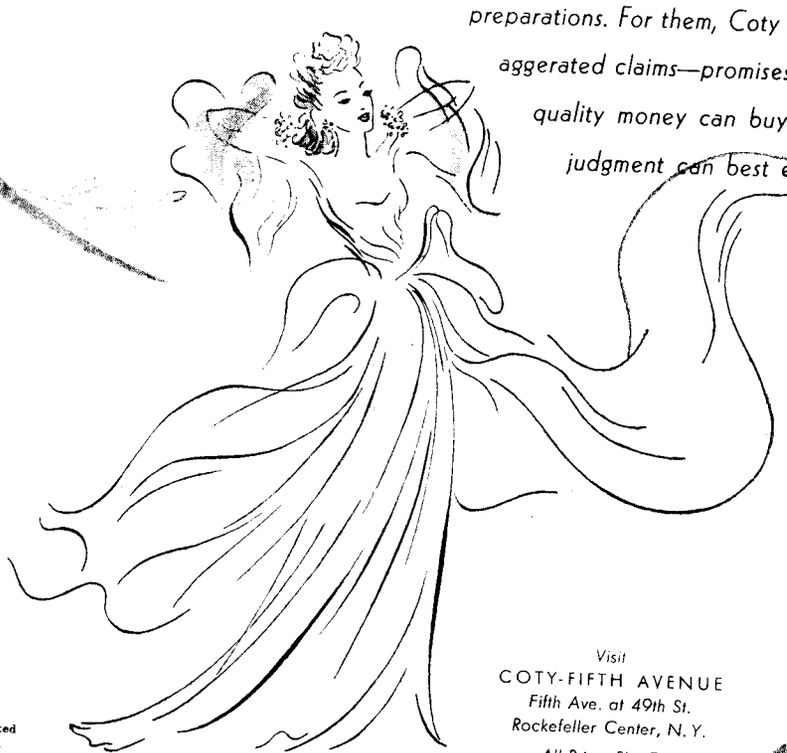
Goodfellows hasn't yet passed out of the family orbit; Cripps's son, John, and his wife are running it as a nursery home for small children from the badly blitzed areas of Bristol. Although Lady Cripps has bought a cottage about twenty miles away, to which she goes when she can duck out of her active London life, she avoids visiting Goodfellows. She says that she hates seeing the place which she and her husband created between them looking less spick-and-span and lovingly cared for than it did in their day. When they bought it, it was simply a tiny Cotswold cottage set in the middle of a morass. The Crippses added wings, built out of the beautiful gray stone quarried in their own fields, and set about turning the morass into a show garden, unearthing in the process a Saxon burying place and various odds and ends, such as Constantine I coins, which are now on view in a museum Cripps built for the villagers out of a barn. On weekends the house was always filled with people, his children's friends or batches of the comrades,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the simple life in beauty care

Who has time now for the hothouse type of beauty care? Who needs it—really? Such simple care is enough—if wholesome and well-planned.

As the roots of a complete, basic, daily regime, Coty has evolved three preparations. For them, Coty makes no exaggerated claims—promises only the finest quality money can buy. Your own good judgment can best evaluate the results!



Visit
COTY-FIFTH AVENUE
Fifth Ave. at 49th St.
Rockefeller Center, N. Y.
All Prices Plus Tax.

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U. S. A.

coty

Cleansing Cream (Two Types) $1, $1.50, $2.50, Skin Freshner $1, $1.50, Conditioning Cream $1, $1.75. Other preparations, too, for special needs.
NEW! *Sub-Tint, a creamy, tinted make-up base . . . enriches your make-up with subtle warmth . . . makes it last hours longer. Light, Medium, Dark $1.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slightly drab figures wandering under the golden willows and peering darkly at the capitalist primulas blooming in the moat. At the youngsters' parties, Cripps, wearing his favorite old brown velvet smoking jacket, operated the gramophone when the boys and girls pushed back the rugs after dinner for a dance or bundled the whole bunch into cars and ran them over to Stratford upon Avon for a performance at the Shakespeare Theatre. Hospitable gestures of that kind delight him. It is possible that some of his happiest moments have been spent at Goodfellows, in the heart of the wind-swept Cotswold country in which he has his deepest family roots; there are Cripps tombs in a Cirencester church dating back to the thirteenth century. Though life has sidetracked him into such definitely urban surroundings as Cabinet rooms, law courts, and embassies, he likes to remember that he is a countryman born and bred who can lean over a gate and talk crops with a Gloucestershire farmer just as fluently as he can discuss trade agreements with a Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

WHEN Cripps put the prosperous Goodfellows days behind him in 1939, the spectacular scamper of the Chamberlain government away from his proffered services was a disappointment which he characteristically turned into an advantage by taking himself off on a tour of political observation to India, China, Russia, and the United States. The experience gained on this shrewdly timed pilgrimage has since proved invaluable. The quantities of notes which he made on conversations with religious and political leaders, sahibs, peasants, and princes during his stay in India went along this year in his secretary's briefcase on his historical return visit as England's negotiator. His Moscow contacts also came in handy when he got home in the late spring of 1940 to find that the advance of the German mechanized divisions had succeeded where his abortive Popular Front had failed; Chamberlain went out at last and Churchill came in. Cripps was turned around and headed back to Moscow again as a trade envoy. He became an Ambassador while changing planes at Athens, because the Russians had sniffily announced that they wouldn't consent to dicker with any less eminent representative of His Britannic Majesty's Government.

Those who know Cripps best think that the Moscow period was by far the most formative of his life. Since he got back, they say, they detect a big change, a warming of that somewhat austere façade, as though his experiencing adversity had installed central heating behind it. The long, difficult months in the enormous, square, wedding-cake Embassy, with its magnificent views of the river and of clustering, onion-shaped domes that should have flashed gold in the sun but were camouflaged with gray paint against the Nazi bombers, taught Cripps, as associates have said, the three great lessons of patience, patience, and finally patience. The man who had always rushed in where the politically astute would have hesitated to tread now had to learn to sit tight and say nothing. Among the red damask and gilded nymphs of the Embassy, built in Czarist days by a sugar king, the Russians let the new Ambassador sit in something approaching solitude. Foreign journalists remember meeting him on lonely early-morning walks with Joe, a large dog of Airedale tendencies which he bought soon after arriving in Moscow. On these long, brooding hikes he sometimes loped along too fast for the three Soviet agents whose duty it was to trail him discreetly. The panting sleuths once made a plaintive representation to His Excellency, asking if he would kindly slow down a little. Lady Cripps and his daughters Theresa and Peggy eventually joined him, and then things were a bit better, though not much. When a friend asked Lady Cripps recently if they had made any interesting contacts among the Russians, she looked mildly startled and said, "Among the *Russians*? Oh, dear no. We weren't allowed to know any *Russians*." Cut off by the then current distrust of England and by language difficulties, Cripps found the job of getting under the Russian skin tedious. In the intervals of a game which consisted entirely of watching, waiting, and appearing unmoved by Soviet snubs, he shrewdly cultivated the Balkan diplomats at a time when the threat of German aggression in their countries was plainly making the Kremlin uneasy.

All sorts of stories have gone the rounds about Cripps in Moscow. There is the popular, apocryphal one of a chat between Beaverbrook and Stalin, in which the latter is supposed to have said, "You know, Cripps isn't at all a bad fellow but, between you and me, he's a bit of a bore. He *will* talk Communism all the time." Several of the anecdotes concern Cripps and Beaverbrook, who reputedly don't exactly see eye to eye. When the former Minister of Supply visited Moscow, the British Embassy threw an afternoon reception in his honor. Beaverbrook turned up very late, noisily hailed the correspondents of his own papers, and swept out like a whirlwind, leaving the Ambassador with his hand still outstretched and an Embassy footman dazedly holding a tray of sandwiches out into space. The English and American correspondents especially enjoyed the story of Cripps's brush with Ralph Ingersoll, who was insistent that he be allowed to interview Stalin, something which none of the foreign journalists had pulled off. Ingersoll, working on Cripps to use his influence, tried to impress him with the idea that he was a different proposition from the ordinary newspaperman hanging round the Soviet Foreign Office. "After all, who are they?" he demanded. "Never heard of any of them before in my life!" "For that matter, Mr. Ingersoll," said Cripps in his blandest courtroom manner, "I never heard of *you* before in *my* life."

On the whole, Cripps is not particularly sympathetic toward journalists, although his attitude toward them and theirs toward him have mellowed considerably in the last two years, and the press he has had since his return from Moscow has been without exception laudatory and dignified. In the past their relations were not so cordial. For years any particularly candid remark, such as his famous criticism of "the Buckingham Palace set," was the signal for every second writer in Fleet Street to pound out a piece showing him up as a Bolshevik bad boy who was out to trip up that staid old granny, the British Constitution. Lady Cripps, who manages a good deal of his publicity and doesn't underrate the usefulness of the press, is nevertheless indignant because so many articles still stress the more extreme phases of his past by referring to him as "the Red Squire of Goodfellows" and so on. She says that this attitude gets him all wrong and that, profoundly as he admires the Russian experiment, he realizes that it would never transplant in its entirety to the moist, rich soil of the British way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life. She is a pretty, delicate-featured woman with a girlish, self-deprecatory manner, who makes fun of herself in the rôles of the Ambassador's wife and the politician's wife, both of which she played at a moment's notice without any previous training. It is possible that her own temperament and inclinations would have made her prefer a less public life, in which there would be a minimum of sitting on platforms or at august dinner tables and far more of a quiet family existence with her husband and children than she has been able to enjoy. Since it hasn't worked out that way, she has done nobly as a tactful watchdog of her husband's career.

Today the Crippses live simply in a somewhat functional apartment in Whitehall Court, an old-fashioned block within easy reach of the Houses of Parliament. Lady Cripps, who carries on a heavy correspondence of her own, has a secretary; Sir Stafford, as Lord Privy Seal, has four secretaries and three assistants. The official offices of the Lord Privy Seal were until recently at No. 11 Downing Street, but they have been transferred to more spacious quarters in Whitehall. A vast section of the British public will go right on feeling that the old address is neatly symbolic of where Stafford Cripps stands at the moment—the house next door to England's historic No. 10. Someday, they think, he will certainly move in.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

INFATUATION WITH LENGTH OF ONE'S OWN NECK DEPARTMENT

I have a beautiful throat, long, white and round, a thing of perfect symmetry which pleases me very much. I am always conscious of it, and hold my head so that its full length is displayed. I am as vain as a swan about it.—*From "Farewell, Pretty Ladies," by Chris Massie, page 5.*

I wanted to keep that perfectly white and round column of my throat intact with no flaws in the marble.—*Ibid., page 22.*

I have always shown the full extent of my long throat . . . —*Ibid., page 28.*

Still, I stretched this long neck of mine whenever there was a rustle at the curtains which hid the door.—*Ibid., page 30.*

. . . and as the nights went by my long neck began to crane . . . —*Ibid., page 40.*

He did not disturb me as I walked around . . . my fine neck stretched . . . —*Ibid., page 75.*

. . . and my long neck looked very handsome in its slow curves to my rounded shoulders. —*Ibid., page 87.*

He placed his hands under my hair and drew them down my long throat . . . —*Ibid., page 98.*

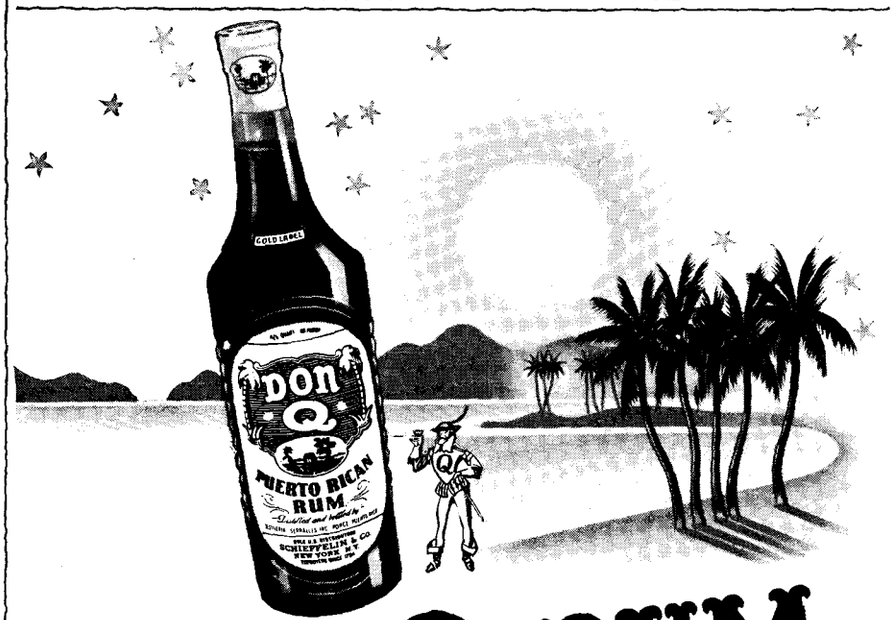
I have always enjoyed being myself, taken delight in my physical attributes, my abundance of dark glossy hair, my long and lovely neck . . . —*Ibid., page 100.*

For men of action

QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING
New Natural Oak Bowl of Shaving Soap . . . $1.00. Matching container, After-Shave Powder . . . $1.00. All prices, plus tax.

Requisites by Lentheric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS



DON Q RUM

PUERTO RICAN 86 PROOF

Delightful, refreshing, mellow. Iced in a collins, a rickey, or a rum and soda . . . this fine Puerto Rican Rum makes a flawless summer drink.

WHITE LABEL (86 PROOF) for cocktails
GOLD LABEL (86 PROOF) for tall drinks

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW"—*Winchell*
MY SISTER EILEEN
Eves. (exc. Sun.) 8:40—$1.65, $1.10, 55c
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$1.10, 55c
NOW at Air-Conditioned
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. West of 8 Ave. Tel. CI 6-6363

"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny"
—*Atkinson, Times*
JUNIOR MISS
Air-Cond.
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. No Perf. Mon.

THE CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY
John C. Wilson *presents*
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH West 45th St. Air-Cooled
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON
in
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever..."
—LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

"One of the greatest musical shows ever produced."
Watts, Her.-Trib.
Uncle Sam presents
IRVING BERLIN'S
SOLDIER SHOW
THIS IS THE ARMY
Evs. Inc. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. Proc. Army Relief
BROADWAY (Air-Cond.) 53d St. & B'way. CI. 6-5353

"BRILLIANT—A HIT"—Anderson, Jour.-Amer.
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
A New Musical Icetravaganza
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.
No Monday Perf. Always Comfortably Cool

"Beautiful and exciting! . . . a smash hit."—*Richard Watts, Jr., Her. Trib.*
George Gershwin
and DuBose Heyward's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44th St. Air-Cooled
Evgs. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
VINCENT PRICE · JUDITH EVELYN · LEO G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Thea., W. 45th St. Air-Cooled
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"One of the notable events of the spring season." —*Time Magazine*
EVA LeGALLIENNE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44th St. *Air-cond.*
Eves. 8:40—55c-$3.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

OF ALL THINGS

THE President urges all owners of oil-burning furnaces to convert them to coal. Otherwise, he cannot promise to drop in next winter for a fireside chat.

•

Some congressmen have reached the conclusion that they can do their best campaigning by staying on the job in Washington. Besides, they would not have to answer embarrassing questions in person.

•

The Nazis put on a great military show in Paris, but hardly anybody turned out to look at it. The New Order cannot even get customers for a free street parade.

•

The Yugoslav soldiers of General Mikhailovich continue their untactful conduct. While others talk vaguely of a second front, they go right on having one.

•

The Nazi saboteurs did not receive the answer they wanted from the Supreme Court. They will have to admit, though, that they got prompt service.

•

It can only be hoped that everybody in Florida will obey the Army's order to stay away from the beach after sundown. At any moment, a Nazi might bob up and give a violator $260.

•

In a contest at Randalls Island it was found that a solid stream of water douses incendiary bombs more quickly than a spray does. The result is an upset for LaGuardia, America's champion firegoer-to.

•

An ardent Tennessee prohibitionist urges his fellow-drys not to ride on tires made of alcohol. Most of us feel, however, that their use in moderation would do us no harm.

•

Leon Henderson's car ran out of gas and he had a hard time getting any. There is an ugly report that a few ill-natured persons were glad to hear about this.

•

More people have jobs now than at any time in our history, but there is serious unemployment in New York. Everybody works but Father Knickerbocker.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
CONSTANCE MOORE · BENAY VENUTA · RONALD GRAHAM
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by
JOSEPH KESSELRING
with LAURA HOPE CREWS & ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Air-Conditioned

"IT'S SUPER-DUPER"
—Coleman, Mirror
MICHAEL TODD'S
STAR AND GARTER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Bobby Clark · Gypsy Rose Lee
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

ALL SEATS RESERVED!
JAMES CAGNEY
IN THE STORY OF GEO. M. COHAN
WARNER BROS. TRIUMPH
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
HOLLYWOOD
B'way at 51st • Circle 7-5545 • Air-Conditioned
3 Performances Saturday & Sunday 2:30, 5:30 & 8:45 • TWICE DAILY MON. THRU FRI. 2:45 & 8:45
Prices inc. Tax, WEEK-DAY MATS 83c to $1.10 • Sat. & Sun. Mats $1.10 to $1.65 • All Eves. $1.10 to $2.20

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
GARY COOPER
IN
THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES
(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)
Air-Cooled ASTOR Popular Prices Cont. from 9:30 A.M.
B'way & 45th Street Midnite Shows

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD JONAH WAS LOST

IT was Marcia Blake's first night at the canteen. There were only a few soldiers at the fort that Saturday night. The long alert was over and hundreds of boys took advantage of their first opportunity in many months to go to a U.S.O. dance in town. The volunteer workers were a little disappointed when they came in for the six-to-twelve shift.

"You ought to see this place when business is good," Helen Ordway said to Marcia. "This isn't much of a showing. Sometimes we've had as many as four hundred at a clip. But you can't blame the kids for wanting to get out. Not when they've been cooped up for so long."

Marcia looked across the counter of the kitchen at the recreation room beyond, at the wooden paddles crossed neatly on the ping-pong table, at the stacks of undisturbed magazines in the scrubbed pine racks, the typewriter for letters home, and the scattering of men in uniform lounging quietly in their chairs, listening to the radio. She wished she could do something for them and was about to go out and offer them cigarettes when a soldier came into the canteen.

"Hello, Floyd," Helen said. "Who are you going to cheat tonight?"

"Don't know as I'll cheat tonight, Sugar Foot," Floyd said. "They all know I cheat now." He had china-blue child's eyes, and Marcia thought she had never seen thicker, curlier, more tow-colored hair anywhere.

"If I cheat," Floyd said, "they won't play with me. If I play honest, the cards are furious. They get mean." His Southern accent was so thick every word was sticky with molasses.

Floyd was not very neat. It seemed doubtful whether he ever bothered to take off his uniform at all, and his fingernails were dirty. His tie was so lopsided that Marcia wanted to reach out and straighten it for him, and when Helen told her to go and play gin rummy with him, she followed him into the recreation room feeling wonderfully maternal.

They played two or three hands of gin before Marcia began to suspect that Floyd was letting her win. This was after he had showed her several card tricks between hands. Floyd's fingers were short and clumsy-looking, but the card tricks were astonishingly well done. Floyd let her win four straight games, then said "Might as well cheat now," and blitzed her beautifully.

Marcia looked toward the kitchen and saw that several soldiers were standing at the counter. Thinking she might be more useful handing out coffee, she told Floyd she would play some more gin with him later on. "Then I dare you to beat me," she said.

"I won seven hundred and fifty-two dollars in eight months one time," Floyd said. "Then I reformed."

BY the time Marcia had found out that you were supposed to pour the cream into the cup *before* the coffee, Floyd had followed her into the kitchen. He had a piece of string in his hand.

"Show you a trick if you'll hand over your ring," he said.

Marcia took off her ring and handed it to him. He slid the ring onto the string and made her hold the ends. Then he made a series of passes and loops and complicated knots, and suddenly the ring was lying free in his open hand and Marcia was left holding the ends of the string. He handed the ring back to her, walked into the pantry, and returned with a wooden matchbox.

"The talking matchbox," he said to Marcia. He attached the matchbox to his forearm by pinching the flesh between the sliding cover and the tray. The box lay flat against his arm. Then he waggled a finger at it. "Hocus-pocus, old tin can!" he said. The matchbox rose slowly until it stood on end. "That's how it talks," Floyd explained.

"Where did you learn all that?" Marcia asked.

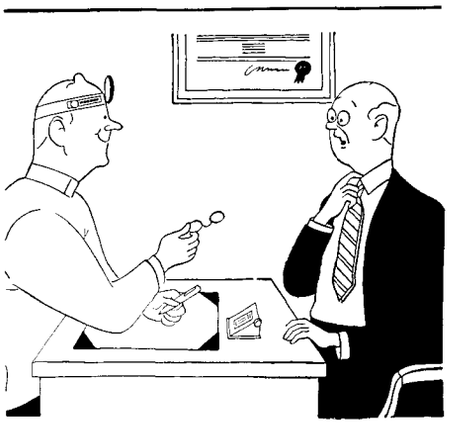
"West Virginia. I was born there," Floyd said. "I went to school there, too," he added proudly.

Floyd was making the most complicated cat's cradles with the piece of string that Marcia had ever seen in her life when Helen came to chase him out of the kitchen and remind Marcia that there were other soldiers in the canteen, too.

"Look at this, Helen," Floyd said. His fingers moved quickly. "Hocus-pocus, old tin can. The ladder!"

Between his two hands there suddenly spanned a ladder of string, every rung taut and symmetrical. Helen had to admit it was the ultimate in cat's cradles, but she was firm about getting Floyd out of the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes later, when Marcia was serving cocoa to a group of soldiers, Floyd appeared at the counter and asked for a cup of coffee. When Marcia returned with the coffee he had a type-



"My Fee is $50 —or your SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR"

Better let the operation wait—if it means parting with your Schick Injector Razor! Because there *aren't any more!*

Uncle Sam's boys have taken *every razor* we are allowed to produce—but we're still making *blades* for Schick Injector users.

So if you're in luck and you *have* a Schick Injector Razor, hang onto it. Not until this war is won will you be able to get another razor that gives you "the comfort shave" . . . the automatic blade change . . . in fact, all the basic improvements made in safety razor design in more than 40 years.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

Christian Brothers Brandy

FROM THEIR MONASTERY IN NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Experts Rank It With The Foremost French Cognacs

84 PROOF

Sole U.S. Selling Agent Picker-Linz Importers, Inc., N.Y.C.

SOLD AT LEADING DEALERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Case of the Eloping Ogre

When most ice melts, air bubbles sneak out like little ogres, swallow your drink's bubbles whole, elope with them to the surface, pop and explode. Ice water dilutes what's left. Your drink goes flat.

Baffle this bubble-eater. Insist on Sparkling Canada Dry Water, as thousands do, sip tastier drinks, and . . .

. . . Grin! Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—keeps drinks Lively longer!

P. S. When you're "out," speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink.

Ginger Ale Highballs taste best when made with "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, and Spur—the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.

An opened bottle, recapped and put in your refrigerator, keeps its sparkle 24 hours.

Sparkling

CANADA DRY WATER

THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS'

S O S

(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Regularly

written sheet of paper under his hand on the counter.

"It's a poem," Floyd said. "One of my experiences. I saw a lot. Done *more* things." He helped himself to sugar and stirred the coffee until tiny bubbles collected in a circle at the top.

"Money in your cup," Marcia said.

"Money!" Floyd said contemptuously. "I gave that up when I became a preacher. Congregations in different towns." He pushed the sheet of paper closer to Marcia's hand. "Don't forget about the poem."

"All right, Deacon." Marcia laughed. "I won't." She tucked the paper in the pocket of her apron and began carrying cups and glasses over to the sink. It was her turn to wash the dishes, and as she carefully followed the official dishwashing instructions that were tacked on the wall she forgot about Floyd and Floyd's poem, trying to remember if it was the thick coffee mugs that had to be rinsed with cold water first or the equally thick glasses. Her hands were shrivelled from the soap and scalding water when she went out to the recreation room for a cigarette. Floyd was there. He wanted to play ping-pong. Marcia had been on her feet for hours. She felt heavy and tired, but there was no refusing the appeal in the childish, china-blue eyes.

They volleyed for a while and then played one game. Marcia had not scored more than three points during the entire game, but Floyd insisted that she had only lost by one point and that he ought to know because he had been keeping score.

It was eleven o'clock when she went out to the rest room back of the kitchen. Helen was there, lying on a canvas cot. "Tired?" Helen asked.

"Worn out," Marcia answered. "Mostly from Floyd." She looked inquiringly at Helen. "I can't figure him out. He doesn't make any sense. All those tricks and the yarns he tells. If I weren't sure he was a West Virginia hill boy who doesn't know how to lace his G.I. shoes because he probably never had any shoes to lace, I'd think he was taking me for a ride."

"You'll get used to him after you've been at the canteen a few times," Helen said. "We all did. But how do you know what he's talking about? I've never heard such an accent. Hill boy is right."

"I don't know," Marcia said. "It was funny, but I understood him right away."

FLOYD was waiting at the counter when Helen and Marcia returned to the kitchen.

"Guess I'll have another cup of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

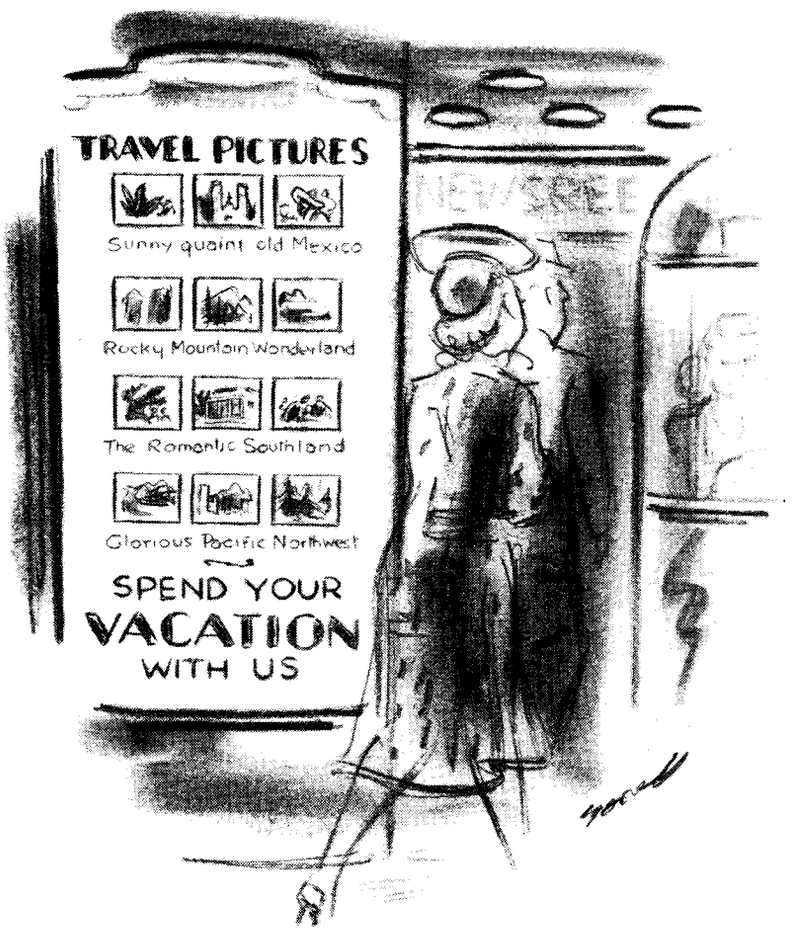
A REPORTER AT LARGE

TROOPSHIP

TO cross an ocean in a convoy and find that the experience isn't as harrowing as you've been led to expect is something of an emotional letdown. I arrived in Australia some weeks ago after travelling on a troopship nonstop from California. During the extremely long voyage I never once had the sensation that I was in any immediate or acute danger, and neither, I think, did most of the several thousand other soldiers on the ship. We were all aware, of course, of the peculiarity of our situation. We knew that any enemy bomber pilot or submarine commander would have hissed with delight at the very sight of us. Every exterior inch of our ship was painted a drab, unassuming gray. For more than half of each day we were under total blackout conditions. The upper decks bristled with armament, and from time to time we would hear the comforting crackle of the anti-aircraft gunners trying out their weapons. Our ship never stopped moving; anyone who has ever engaged in firing practice knows the advantages of a stationary target. We had been solemnly advised at the start of the voyage that should anyone have the misfortune to fall overboard, he would have to shift for himself; the ship would not stop for him. We had been issued lifebelts as soon as we got on board and began wearing them five minutes before we sailed from our pier in California. From that moment until shortly before we were safely tied up at an Australian pier, our lifebelts were always within arm's reach. Our cartridge belts, with canteens attached and filled to the top, were always with us, too. In case we ever found ourselves floating on an unprovisioned raft, we would at least have a quart of fresh water apiece.

At frequent intervals we marched briskly on deck for "abandon-ship" drills and stood in quiet, orderly rows while the crew lowered and raised lifeboats. We spent one morning climbing down knotted ropes that had been strung from an upper deck to a lower one. We had orders that in the event of an emergency we should leave the ship by means of such ropes; we were urged not to jump into the water. It was pointed out to us that if we did, our lifebelts would undoubtedly hit us in the chin and knock us cold. We took an interest in these precautionary measures, but somehow we rarely stopped to think about whether we would ever be called upon to use them in order to save our lives. Our attitude was not callous, indifferent, or frivolous; it was simply fatalistic. We didn't joke much about the possibility of our being sunk; we hardly mentioned it at all, though it was not considered a particularly delicate issue. When, in a daily mimeographed paper published aboard ship for the troops, the possibility that the ship might be sunk happened to be brought up, the readers were not shocked or offended. In fact, they joined an enthusiastic discussion which went on in print for the next few days, not about the possibility of the ship's going down, which was held to be not worth wasting words on, but about whether a ship, if it did sink, would plummet straight to the bottom of the ocean or would stop somewhere on the way down. The controversy was settled in favor of the first premise by a learned officer, who submitted a treatise on the relative specific gravities of water and steel.

In addition to the paper, which kept us posted on such topical matters as how far the ship could sink, we received daily bulletins from the wireless operator, who dispensed résumés of war news, baseball scores, and other items radioed by the United Press, without whose thoughtfulness we might never have known, for instance, that a certain horsy couple back in the States had been married while astride their favorite mounts and that Margie Hart had left Hollywood in a huff. Our ship was not allowed to send any messages, since their transmission might have revealed our position, so we had to accept whatever news came through to us and could not ask any questions about doubtful points. The troops were not permitted to talk to the wireless operator, and thus they sampled only so much of his knowledge as was officially released, in addition to a small amount of auxiliary matter surreptitiously passed from deck to deck through the ever-flowing rumor channels. Undoubtedly the most diverting rumor was one indicating that a Japanese news commentator had been heard to claim the sinking of our transport. This report was greeted with the usual laughter meted out by the informed to the tales of the ignorant until someone soberly pointed out what effect such a story, if published in the United States, could have upon our families, who, not having heard from us for some time, might logically suspect that we were at



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coffee," he said. "Then I'll go to bed. Have to be up at four-thirty in the morning."

Marcia went over to the big coffee urn, held a mug under its spout, and turned the handle. She looked past Floyd's curly tow head as some soldiers called "Good night," opening the door on their way out of the canteen. The damp night wind blew into the smoky room. It smelled fresh and salt, for it had come up from the harbor that lay below them, beneath the dimmed-out barracks and the big guns of the fort. Marcia's hand shook, holding the coffee mug under the spout. She remembered where she was—in a strict war zone, at one of the most strategic points on the entire coast. The canteen, with its bright cushions and magazines and ping-pong table, seemed such a flimsy halfway house to face the dark water and the distant guns.

She carried the coffee to Floyd. When he took the mug from her hands and she looked at his rumpled buck private's uniform, she forgot the card tricks and the cat's cradles and she saw a soldier standing there, drinking coffee. "Floyd, what did you *really* do before you got into the Army?" she asked.

"I told you," he said. "First I gambled and I cheated. Then I stopped cheating and I went to school. And then I preached for two years until I was drafted. I wanted to keep on being a preacher."

But he can't be any more than twenty-three years old, Marcia thought. I don't believe it. He's being slow-witted, backwoods funny.

Floyd gulped the rest of his coffee and put the thick mug down on the counter. "It's set down in Second Corinthians," he said. " 'I shall be armed with my faith.' " The mumbled Southern accent gave way to curiously ringing, prophetic tones.

Helen came over to the counter and picked up Floyd's empty cup.

"You didn't know that about me, Helen," Floyd said. "I used to preach and I wanted to keep at it. I was good at preaching."

Helen laughed indulgently.

Floyd turned away from her and looked at Marcia. "*You've* got faith," he said to her. He seemed sure of it as he smiled at her and walked toward the door. The girls watched him as he opened it and went out.

"I DON'T know whether to believe he was a preacher or not," Marcia said to Helen. "It seems so impossible. But how did he know about Second Corinthians?"

"You can't prove it by me," Helen said.

Marcia remembered the paper in the pocket of her apron. She took it out and unfolded it and began to read slowly:

JONAH AND THE WHALE

1.

This is how Jonah got into the whale if yu will harken Ill tell you the tale. the city was evil it burnd with hellfire the city was wickid as Ninvah and Tyre.

2.

he was lost in the streets untill he saw the light old jonah was lost . . .

Marcia looked up and stared across the room. "I believe him," she said.

—DORIS GILBERT

• •

IN OTHER WORDS

A List of a Few Inspired Euphemists Who Have Recently Suggested Replacing Crass Expressions in Our Language with Others of More Seemly Elegance

LOCALE	EUPHEMIST	THE CRASS EXPRESSION	THE ELEGANT REPLACEMENT SUGGESTED
Chicago	Mrs. Blanche Pennington, director of the W.C.T.U.'s non-alcoholic fruit-products department	Soft-drink bar	Beverage board
Peoria	Health Officer Miller	Dogcatcher	Canine control officer
Kansas City	Anonymous woman	Housewife	Household executive.
Trinidad, Colorado	Bill Samuel, hotelkeeper	Raton Pass	Cloudland Boulevard
New York	Mrs. E. M. Sullivan	Mother-in-law	Kin-Mother*

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

*Mrs. Sullivan's proposal was adopted by the Mother-in-Law Association after its merits had been carefully weighed against those of Our-Ma, Lawma, Assistant Mother, Ersatz Mother, Motherette, and Cupid's Creation.

The Bottle that comes to hand wherever fine food is served and enjoyed
PACKED UNDER CONTINUOUS INSPECTION OF THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
RITTER PURE TOMATO CATSUP
RITTER CO. BRIDGETON, N.J. U.S.A.
GENUINE Tabasco
MILDLY SNAPPY NOT HOT
U. S. GRADE A FANCY OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED BY THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
RITTER
Tabasco* Flavored
CATSUP
P. J. RITTER CO. • Fine Foods Since 1854
*Our use of this product and its registered trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

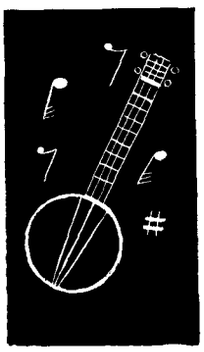
Sit on your terrace (or someone else's) and clap your hands twice. If the help is hep, you'll soon find a Gin and SCHWEPPES Ginger Beer cooling your parched throat. Clap three times if you prefer Rum and Ginger Beer. Both good, very good . . . and best of all, the one and only SCHWEPPES Ginger Beer is still available. Better stock up!

Schweppes
GINGER BEER

Manufactured and Bottled in England by SCHWEPPES, Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., 90 West Broadway, N. Y

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sea. One soldier, who used to work on a newspaper and had frequently insisted that even in wartime a minimum of curbs should be placed on the press, said he hoped the Army or Navy or somebody else would prevent his alma mater from publishing any such enemy claims, even when labelled as fantastic stories and without foundation. "That sort of thing ought to be censored," the soldier said firmly. Even a newspaperman feels differently about the news when he's it.



PERHAPS the most reassuring feature of a convoy is the fact that there are other ships in it. An ocean is a large and lonely area. In peacetime people crossing on ships are given to rushing excitedly to the decks to gaze at a passing vessel, even a small and dowdy one. They wave happily at its passengers, regarding them all as fine, friendly folk. Travelling in a convoy, you always have company, so the water doesn't seem as boundless and frightening as it otherwise might. Wherever you step out on deck, you know that you'll see a friendly ship steaming along at your side, up ahead, or a stretch behind, occasionally tooting fraternally or blinking some intimate message.

The troopship I was on, like most of the others in our clubby group, had once been a handsome luxury liner operating in the Pacific, and its crew loved to reminisce about the old days, swelling proudly over the celebrities, including Shirley Temple, who had graced its spacious cabins and lofty lounges. On December 7, 1941, the ship was making a routine shuttle between Hawaii and California when the radio operator heard a faint and incredible SSS from a freighter three hundred miles away, which claimed to have been hit by a Japanese torpedo. An hour later the news of Pearl Harbor came through. The captain proceeded as rapidly as possible to San Francisco, where his passengers gratefully scurried ashore. The vessel hasn't carried a carefree celebrity since.

Before going into transport service the ship was ruthlessly stripped of nearly all the trimmings that had made her comely and expensive. Only a few particularly fine bits of panelled wood were left in place and carefully boarded over. The outdoor swimming pool was drained and an anti-aircraft gun was mounted in it. Gun crews on their way to their stations have since tramped across the fading outlines of a shuffleboard court. Every portable piece of furniture was removed to make room for berths; not even a piano was left on board. Staterooms once occupied by two vacationing passengers were converted into accommodations for nine, twelve, or even fifteen men. On the trip I made, soldiers slept on decks, in the lounge, in the grand ballroom, in the bar, and in every other habitable space. Most of us had canvas hammocks, slung in tiers of three or four from wooden or metal posts. I slept, for instance, on the top story of a three-decker job so close to the ceiling that if I absent-mindedly sat up in bed I bumped my head. On boarding the ship, I was assigned to a fifteen-man stateroom (my roommates and I shared a bathroom with a dozen fellows in an adjoining cabin), and when I was later shifted into a room containing only eight other soldiers, with a bath for our exclusive use, I felt that my new quarters were extravagantly commodious.

There is little privacy in an army at any time; on our ship privacy wasn't even a possibility. You couldn't go anywhere without running into a lot of people. Movement of any sort was circumscribed. Since a part of each end of the main promenade deck had been shut off to provide extra berth space, we were denied the time-honored nautical privilege of estimating the number of laps around the deck to a mile and seeing how many miles we could click off between breakfast and lunch. Even if the ends of the deck had been left open, walking around it would have been difficult, since there was no area sufficiently free of lounging soldiers to be navigable. The men stood at the rail or sprawled on the deck flooring; there were unquestionably no deck chairs on board this trip. Few of the soldiers had ever been on an ocean before, so many of them stood at the rail for hours, trying to remember not to throw anything overboard—this was strictly forbidden lest the refuse form a trail by which our course might be discovered—and gazing with surprise and admiration at the changing aspects of the sea. Having no experience in ocean travel, they didn't miss the luxuries they did not know about. The crew, however, did miss them and would utter mournful laments now and then while trying to keep up with their greatly increased duties. "Used to be fresh water in every bathroom faucet," a barber told me reflec-

CELEBRATE birthdays, engagements, wedding anniversaries, and *Victories* with Heublein's Club Cocktails... justly celebrated for Excellence and Convenience.

6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest *quality*.
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (*Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.*)

65 proof

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. B8, Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

MASTER CRAFTSMEN

Trencher

DEBUTANTE FURS

Muskrat Leopard Cat
Skunk Raccoon

$195

Traditional Trencher Quality

277 Grand Street
In Old New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tively while cutting my hair, adding in awed tones that since the start of our voyage he had used no less than four gallons of hair tonic, drop by drop. The demands on his services were so great that he was not permitted to waste time shaving his customers. One sailor spoke of the ship, in the best nautical tradition, as if she were some old flame miserably disfigured before her time. "It breaks my heart to see her now," he said. "Every time I walk through the bar, I can't look."

LIFE on board a troopship is inevitably monotonous, but soldiers are perhaps better equipped to adapt themselves to it than civilians would be, since a large part of their lives is spent doing the same things over and over again anyway. Because of space limitations, no sizable drills could be held. From time to time part of a deck would be cleared for calisthenics or for a lecture on some military subject. My company received a number of talks on Australia; they painted a uniformly rosy picture of the continent, since just about the only source material on board was a pamphlet issued by an Australian organization roughly equivalent to an American chamber of commerce. Recreational facilities were no more abundant than those for training. A regimental band travelling with us gave occasional concerts on deck and in the mess hall, and near the end of the voyage there were a couple of variety shows by soldier entertainers. For the most part, however, entertainment was impromptu and consisted largely of group singing in hallway corners, sometimes to the accompaniment of a harmonica or guitar, and card or dice games, which began to flourish before we had left the dock in California and continued until our arrival in Australia. The games were enlivened by the fact that in the middle of the trip each soldier on board was issued five dollars, as effective a morale-builder as a tot of grog. On only one morning, the day we crossed the equator, was the ship wholly given over to conviviality, with the necessary exceptions of the gun crews, the other guards, and the ship's crew. That day, a very hot one, was devoted to the traditional initiation ceremonies for people crossing the equator for the first time. If every man on board who fell into that category had taken his turn at being shaven, dunked into a barrel of water, sprayed with a hose, paddled, and subjected to various other forms of good-natured abuse, the ceremonies would have lasted several days and concluded at some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latitude remote from the equator. A number of men, therefore, were selected by lot from the units on board to enjoy the experience, while their fellow-soldiers looked on observantly, all no doubt planning to write home about the mirthful indignities they personally had endured. A photographer took some snapshots of the events, and when he later offered the prints for sale he received more than three thousand orders. The most popular shot was of a group in which several of the faces were blurred, so almost any soldier could identify himself as one of the participants.

After a week or so out we no longer took much interest in what day it was, with the result that, when we got to the international date line and lost a full twenty-four hours, nobody cared much except a couple of soldiers deprived of birthdays and a few conscientious company clerks trained to submit daily reports of one kind or another and at a loss how to justify the absence of a day in their otherwise orderly records. On ordinary days, when we lost at most one hour, the soldiers who weren't on guard duty spent their time eating, sleeping, and discussing idly the question of when they might be sailing in the opposite direction, a subject that filled in many a gap between naps and meals. There were two mess halls on board, one for officers and one for enlisted men. My buddies and I were served cafeteria style, moving with outstretched trays past a line of galley workers, who deftly tossed food at us as they urged us along. We ate in what had once been the first-class dining salon, sitting down wherever we could find an empty place and eating hurriedly, to make room for the soldiers filing in behind us. After leaving the salon and yielding our trays to a crew of dishwashers, we were usually handed an apple, an orange, a pear, or an ice-cream stick. Ice-cream sticks constituted our dessert so often that some of the men, unable to believe that so many of the delicacies could have been loaded on the ship, accepted the explanation of the ship's newspaper that they were manufactured in a refrigeration plant in the hold and enthusiastically signed up for guided tours through the freezing area, where, it was promised, samples would be given away. Actually, of course, ice cream comprised only a small fraction of the thousands of pounds of foodstuffs taken along.

There was some seasickness, but it did not seem to affect the length of the mess lines. The Pacific, for one thing, lived up to its name astonishingly well; the only really rough seas we encountered were just off the coasts of California and Australia. Our first day out was our roughest, and despite the fact that fully half the soldiers on board were moderately sick, nearly all of them doggedly tried to get to the mess hall. Soldiers do not like to miss a meal even when they suspect they may not retain it long enough to digest it. On that first, pitching day the soldiers who did get sick were shy about mentioning their malady and generally insisted stoutly that they would be all right in a minute if they could just lie down somewhere. Someone, browsing through the stocks of the post exchange on the ship, discovered that a tinned variety of lemon drops was advertised as a cure for unsteady stomachs, and lemon drops were shortly sold at a rate probably never envisioned by the most optimistic of their makers. Until the supply ran out, a few days before we sighted land, we continued to eat them despite the fact that our stomachs needed no citric fortification. We had acquired the habit, and as we sailed smoothly across the South Seas we munched lemon drops from blackout to blackout.

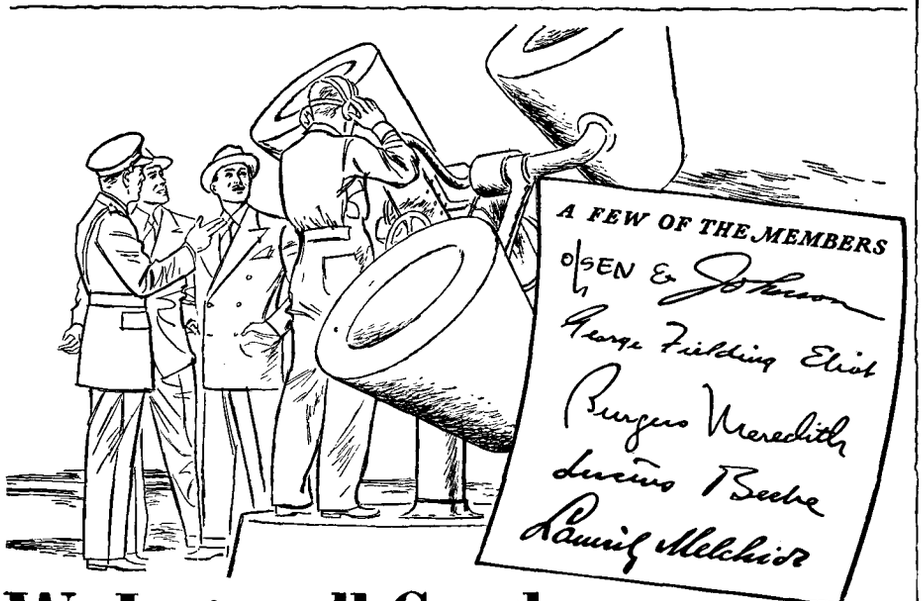
The lemon drops also came in handy because, as their manufacturers were not reluctant to publicize, either, they were admirable thirst-quenchers. Though not precisely in a position like that of the Ancient Mariner, we were unquestionably surfeited with unpalatable water and short of the fresher variety. A ship travelling on an extended journey and carrying far more than its normal complement of passengers cannot hope to load enough water to meet both the primary demands of drinking and cooking and the secondary one of washing. We washed, therefore, in salt water. Occasionally we received a cupful of fresh water to shave with; usually, however, we shaved with salt water, as untidy an operation as trying to scrape tenacious barnacles off a hull. For a while the situation seemed brighter, an enterprising corporal having discovered that he could whip up a merry lather by using root beer as a solvent, but his invention became useless when the post exchange ran out of root beer, along with Pepsi-Cola and the few other soft drinks it sold. In addition to these spiritless drinks and to lemon drops, this canteen was stocked with cigarettes, candy bars, crackers, sardines, toilet articles, salted peanuts, and shoestring potatoes. Near the end of the voyage we were limited to a choice of cheese crackers, potato strings, and cigarettes; finally there was nothing left but cigarettes. They cost us seventy cents a carton, or two packs for fifteen, a sensational bargain that was offered as soon as we had left the United States twelve miles behind.

We had, as a matter of fact, two post exchanges. One, a rough, soldierly bazaar, was housed in a gloomy corner of the ship that had once evidently been storage space; the other was set up rather incongruously in a ladylike gift shop, whose showcase had been left intact, presumably because it was too small for a soldier to sleep in. While awaiting our turn there to shout for candy bars and a tin of lemon drops, we could stare thoughtfully at glittering cigarette cases, women's handbags, and other trifles designed to gladden the heart of the feminine half of the mixed-doubles deck-tennis team. Nobody attempted to buy any of these trinkets or even price them. They remained where they were throughout the voyage, the last vestigial traces of the seagoing civilian. The Army had so completely taken over everything else that even the ship's crew seemed at times to have become militarized. I overheard one steward calling another, whom he considered derelict in his work, a goldbrick, a term of disapproval usually indulged in only by soldiers.

As our ship zigzagged determinedly toward an undisclosed port, it occurred to some of us that our voyage in certain respects paralleled that of Columbus. Like his convoy, ours, a group of ships huddled for collective security on a tiny drop of an apparently limitless ocean, was sailing toward what, for practically all its passengers, was a strange and baffling land full of geographical peculiarities and bound to produce new and dangerous adventures. Like the men on the Santa Maria and the Niña, the men on our ship were sailing by an uncertain course known only to their captain. How I got to Australia I shall probably never know; we were not told precisely what parts of the Pacific we were crossing, and none of us felt that we were being deprived of any information that was rightfully ours. Soldiers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous Airplanes, Solar Equipped
Fourteenth Advertisement of Series



We Invite all Gentlemen

to Join the World's Leading After-Shave Club

Sign and mail this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shave.

Brisk and refreshing, Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer, smoother. ELECTRIC SHAVERS use it before and after shaving for finer results.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-14, Glastonbury, Conn.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

on land or at sea do not have to worry about when or how they are going somewhere, or even where; such matters are out of their hands. They are accustomed to unexpected travel in unpredictable directions and surprised by nothing they encounter. When, near the end of our trip, someone saw a bird flying overhead and remarked that it had perhaps flown from Australia, he mentioned Australia as matter-of-factly as a year ago he might have spoken of a neighbor's tree.

OUR arrival was quiet. The first indications that our trip was coming to an end, aside from the bird and the faint, abnormal sight of land, were that we were permitted to relinquish our lifebelts and that everyone began moving around in a restless hustle doing commonplace errands with remarkable zeal. When, finally, we docked, there were no crowds to meet us. Jammed together along the deck rails, we exchanged pleasantries with a handful of Australians on the wharf and hurled a barrage of whistles at a few girls who walked by. Some of the soldiers threw cigarettes to the girls. Other soldiers threw cigarette butts into the water, happy in the knowledge that the refuse would be viewed only by friendly spotters. A few Australian soldiers boarded the ship and immediately began exchanging souvenirs with us, gratefully accepting, in return for tokens from Tobruk and Greece, superfluous bits of American apparel and insignia. We stayed on the ship for a couple of days while it was being unloaded. The first time I got off the boat I was with about fifty other men. We were immediately marched off behind a warehouse for a half-hour's close-order drill. Except for the fact that our legs felt a little strange on a solid foundation, it was just like doing close-order drill back in the United States. We felt at home.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

The judge called a name and a man shuffled forward.

"You are charged," the judge said rapidly, "with mcvbf of ofjshwl gkghwlwu djghdksl fkgjmdl no visible means of support. Guilty or not guilty?"

The man looked bewildered, but nodded.

"You are guilty?" the judge inquired.

The man nodded again.

'Tendaysortendollars," the judge said.

The man still looked blank

—*Knickerbocker News, Albany.*

Low I.Q., evidently.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Triple Threat

SLIM is still the word for pickings this week, there being only one new picture that's altogether worth squandering your allowance on. It's called "Holiday Inn" and boasts the services of both Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby (billed here in alphabetical order to avoid jealousies) and also thirteen songs by Irving Berlin, who seems to be geared to full wartime production. Two or three of the thirteen—"Easter Parade," for instance—are second-hand, but the rest were all specially designed for this vehicle. They go to make up a score which is not inspired, but is at least well coördinated with the book, an ideal not often achieved in musical shows, even by Mr. Berlin. He may have been spurred in this case by the fact that the film is based on an idea of his own, an idea which has to do with an inn that is open only on holidays and offers its guests entertainment to suit the occasion. Like, say, on Lincoln's birthday, the performers are all in blackface registering approval of the sixteenth president.

The founder and prop. of the inn is played by Bing Crosby, and his fanciful project is explained by his being, in the beginning, a night-club singer who doesn't like his job because it doesn't allow him to observe holidays. He quits and goes out to the country to open this peculiar joint as a gesture of protest. He is followed by Fred Astaire, a dancer, also night-club, who is professionally interested in a girl hired by Crosby, who in turn is anxious to hang onto her for unprofessional reasons. One thing, of course, leads to another thing. Plot aside, Crosby shows up as still the best song-plugger in the business, and Astaire dances in his usual ball-bearing style with two lady partners, Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale. Walter Abel plays the part of an excitable actors' agent who runs everywhere he goes. One of the picture's several commendable features is the comparatively skeleton staff that turned it out. It was produced and directed by one man, Mark Sandrich, and written by two, Claude Binyon and Elmer Rice, instead of the customary covey.

"THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE" is the name of a film you'll probably think you've seen before under a number of aliases, and as a title it begins to look particularly spurious when you realize that it has next to nothing to do with the story. On top of that, along comes Melvyn Douglas as a sort of hobo writer who meets a rich girl with the wrong slant on life—Joan Crawford, in this instance—and you get an uneasy feeling that you're being followed. Douglas, incidentally, has been lying around in these bohemian rôles for so long now that his clothes look all out of press and his mustache seems to need trimming. Billie Burke isn't getting any more responsible as a mother, either, and Allen Jenkins isn't a more literate truck driver than he ever was. One other thing. It's time Hollywood made up its mind on the subject of leaving the top off a tube of toothpaste. One minute it's a sign of sloppiness and the next minute it just shows that you're a good egg and not too persnickety.

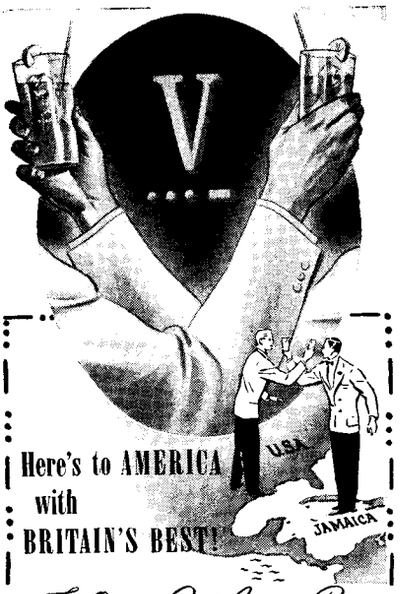
ACTUAL battle scenes, such as are shown in the new Russian documentary, "Moscow Strikes Back," can't help but be exciting by themselves. This approximately feature-length picture shows details of the Red Army's counter-drive of last winter, giving us not only a fair impression of what mechanized warfare in the snow is like but also our first prolonged view of fighting of any sort on one of the current fronts. There are also a number of atrocity shots which are grim and authentic enough to demonstrate what the Russians have been up against. The distracting thing about this film, however, is the English commentary written by Elliot Paul and Albert Maltz and spoken by Edward G. Robinson. Parts of it may be fine, wholesome propaganda, but other parts may settle heavily on your nerves. At times Mr. Robinson almost hiccoughs with unaccountable emotion. He is outraged, for example, by the fact that the Germans, who, when they captured a town, took all the surgical instruments out of its hospital, didn't put them back before the town was retaken by the Russians.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

"I opened the door with a pass key," he said. "I saw the body of a woman lying on the floor face down. The radio was going. I could just see her legs as I entered. I went in to look and I saw that the woman was all bound up with wire. I turned the radio off."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

That's thinking!



Here's to AMERICA with BRITAIN'S BEST!

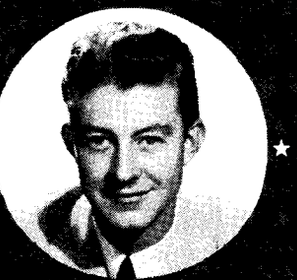
The Original Dark Jamaica Rum

When you sample a Planters' Punch, as made on the Island of Jamaica with Myers's Rum, you have a special treat in store. For wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica — 97 Proof

For new free recipe booklet write—
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents In the U. S. A.
Dept. N-8, 57 Laight St., N. Y.

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Plus A NEW SUMMER
ICE SHOW*
ON REAL ICE

HOTEL
NEW YORKER

*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

EVEN the most uncritical rookie on furlough must have noticed by now that the majority of the hats to be seen about town can't really be classified as hats at all, since they consist of nothing more than a dab of flowers, a ribbon bow, or some other whatnot, casually stuck in place with bobbie pins or tiny combs. Nevertheless, the milliners, far from cowed by this threat from the amateur at her dressing table, are boldly counterattacking in their autumn collections by showing hats that definitely *are* hats, usually to the extent of having pronounced periscope crowns. So far as I can see, the only concession the professionals have made to the amateur is that their prices have come down a bit, but I suspect that this is more the result of an effort to keep in step with the times than to compete with the trinket counters of the five-and-tens. Some of the latest results achieved by our designers in their efforts to revive the hat are startling, to put it mildly; viz., those Happy Hooligan caps that are dolled up with plumes and are almost certain to make women feel both timid and submerged. By and large, however, I think you'll agree that the fall showings are proof enough that the hat is here to stay.

It certainly is at John Frederics. Here the boys have used one of their new ideas to enliven the becoming, floppy mushroom shapes they have always adored. These hats now appear with a towering collapsible crown, made possible by the insertion of a band of crocheted wool. This band looks as if it were just simple and decorative, but with a little adjustment it gives you the choice of wearing the crown high, dented and low, or sidewise, like the Tower of Pisa. What's more, the hat is soft enough to pack, which, oddly, is true of an unusual number of models in this, of all years, when the likelihood of extensive travel for most women seems remote. One version of the collapsible-crown hat has a scoop brim in pea-green felt; another is made of gold brushed jersey with a double puffed brim and has long gloves to match. More formal is a wine-colored felt with a noncollapsible sugarloaf crown and a heavy grosgrain brim that bends down rather like an awning; Mr. John and Mr. Fred are very proud of this one, but I should warn you that it is not for the girl with delicate features. A beige velours cloche has a slender crown, a fairly narrow brim, and a coquettish veil that hovers just below the eyes to lend them mystery, so I'm told; it's all yours for the plunking down of $25, which is the new low price for a John Frederics custom label. In most cases, veils are even more restrained, for the management, favoring a sleek, tidy appearance, feels there isn't any place in the current scene for dangling mesh and spaniel bobs. The newest veil here is worn close over the face, somewhat like a fencer's mask. It appears on a small wool plaid sailor that has chartreuse ribbon trimming its low double crown. You may be cheered, by the way, to know there are lots of low crowns in the collection. Tricorns are back in favor here, and I like them. Don't pass by a small dressed-up one of white Angora-jersey that has a close-fitting bronze veil. John Frederics are fond of gray this year and use it for a wide flannel beret that recalls Mother's schoolgirl tams, or maybe it was Grandmother's, and cries out for a short cape to accompany it. You are supposed to wear it straight and flat, but if you are not the type—well, you'd better cheat.

BENDEL breezes along with ready-to-wear hats (which it not so breezily refers to as Immediate Wear) that are gay and cheerful and cost from $15 to $22.50. Cloches and berets, often adorned with feathers, are favorites here; one, an attractive bright-green felt cloche, has a peaked crown banded by a jolly red-and-green feather that ties in a bow at the front as easily as if it were ribbon. A turned-up-at-the-side red cloth affair tips jauntily over one eye and has a turkey feather encircling its low crown and sweeping down under the chin just like bird of Paradise; it's a perfect suit hat. Berets are versatile this season; some dip over the face and some lie well back on the head. Among the dippers, look at a brown felt one edged with cutout points that bristle like a porcupine. Among the others, look at one that covers the side hair as completely as a hood; of black felt, it has powder-blue and fuchsia velvet outlining the face and sports a sassy bow in front. Velvet is much in favor for berets; for variety, many have a bow at the back of the neck. For evening,

"Is this good for taking stockings off?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there's a black malines turban with soaring jet loops that positively swathes the head; it looks frivolous but would be a blessing when your hair is at its worst and an unexpected date crops up.

The Young-Timers shop at Bendel also deserves a visit, for it shelters inexpensive hats so expertly fashioned that even your worst friend wouldn't guess the price, which can be as little as $9.75. Among a group of skittish quilted velveteens there are square black bonnets gaily lined with Shocking pink, canary-yellow caps decked out with saucy points, and pert two-toned pillboxes. All have matching barrel muffs to keep your fingers warm on sharp days. (Never mind, we'll have sharp days again.) Another new notion is a cap that is simply a wide strip of felt worn across the head like a switchboard girl's headphone; it's in colors like cadet blue with matching grapes over the ears or dark blue with tulips of the same shade.

NOW that I've got as far as autumn, it's not much of a jump to winter, so let me remind you that fur-sales time is back in town again. Jaeckel's Budget Department has so many attractive coats, at prices from $129 to $475 for the month, that it is harder than ever to make a choice. All the coats I saw were either three-quarter or full length; many of them had yokes across the front and deep armholes so that they would slip on easily over heavy suits, and they looked loose without being bulky. So it seems as though this winter we shall be warm outdoors, at any rate, which is good news, with all that walking we're going to do. There've been some changes made in the scenery, incidentally; for one, our old friend mouton, popular for sports coats these many days, is among the missing, as all supplies have been taken over by the government to keep our armed forces comfortable. In its stead, Jaeckel is showing lapin. I like this even better, for it is sleeker and has a more finished look. The skins are dyed in camel's-hair tone, as in a coat with loose sleeves, a flared back, and a small rolled collar (the pet neckline here this season), and also appear in mocha and in a dark beaver shade. Gray kidskin is still present, even though it comes from China, and is particularly handsome in a coat with a pointed yoke. Blonde bleached muskrat looks like summer ermine and makes up beautifully, for the pelts are as soft as the fur they resemble; most of the coats have luxurious turned-back cuffs. A useful garment, rather unrealistically called a trench coat, comes in nutria and Persian lamb and has a convertible neck and a yoke that makes you think of buttoned-down patch pockets. Persian lamb, incidentally, turns up frequently here; for instance, in a more formal coat that has cape sleeves reaching well below the elbow, as well as in a fitted model with a flaring skirt and pinched in at the waist with a suède belt. Fitted coats, however, are rare.

Jaeckel's Duration Durables are much less grim than their name; in fact, they are knockouts. One is a greatcoat with tuxedo revers made of raccoon dyed into beautiful dark and silvery stripes, and then there's a natural Australian opossum, hardy enough to wear to football games, if we have them, and enough like chinchilla to be worn to the opera, if we have it.

AND now to consider shoes. The department at Saks is brimful of suède models in black as well as in colors. For daytime there are pumps with a trimming of South American horn lizard (it resembles alligator) at the vamps and heels, which, considerately enough, are of various heights. Modified platform soles are still going strong; look, for example, at a monk-type shoe with a lowish heel, a small bow, and a platform made of gray snakeskin; a fancier version has a high heel and slightly turned-up toe—hardly noticeable, but it makes the foot seem ever so much shorter.

Afternoon shoes, which Saks feels will be worn well into the evening these informal days, are also treated with imagination, and generally have open toes. You will find slender navy slippers with red calf platforms; their toes are ornamented with a knotted chou of the suède, and they also come in a more conservative cocoa brown.

Giddy numbers to brighten up a sombre dinner dress are treasured, such as slender beauties with multicolored sequins studding the soles and bolster bows and winking out as gaily as the signs that used to blaze on Broadway. Metal nailheads being scarcer and scarcer, Saks is trimming slippers with plastic silver dots resembling marcasite or gold ones that shimmer like stardust, so it won't be Saks' fault if our feet don't twinkle. —M. M.

•

For what lad can behold a pretty girl weeping for him without drying her ears on his breast?—*Dorothy Dix in the Boston Globe.*

This lad.

Grand! But make it even better with a pre-game lunch at Gage & Tollner's . . . or, come in later for dinner. Free parking facilities. Convenient to all subways. Boro Hall station. Comfortably Cool.

Gage & Tollner's
374 FULTON ST BROOKLYN famous for over 60 years

For Sublet Furnished

BEAUTIFUL
LAKE FOREST HOME

• Because my husband is entering the Army will sacrifice this lovely house near the lake, yet within walking distance of station. First floor: Living Room, Dining Room, kitchen, pantry, 2 sunporches, lavatory. Second floor: 3 master bedrooms, one small bedroom, 3 baths. Third floor: 2 maids' rooms and bath. Large attic space. Two-car garage. Small greenhouse, beautiful shade trees and garden.

MRS. ROBERT OGDEN
224 Maple Court Lake Forest, Ill.
Lake Forest 2858

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUT OF TOWN

Nice Place If You Can Get There

EVEN if the war hasn't changed your occupation altogether, it almost certainly has upset the routine of your old one, and in either event finding yourself in a new set of circumstances may seem all the holiday you need this year. However, if you're literal-minded about holidays or have been at a new job long enough for it to have become a grind, you're possibly feeling that it's about time to make a brief break in this muggy summer, even though you can get away only for a few days at a time. In which case, assuming you're saving your tires or just haven't enough gas coupons, maybe this necessarily shadowy outline of travel conditions will be of some help.

Hard-and-fast arrangements made in advance with the man who sells the tickets are still a reasonable guarantee that you'll travel where and when you want to, but you must be as aware as I am (and possibly you're a lot awarer) that while conditions don't change overnight *every* night they always can *any* night. Flexibility pays as it never did before. That's why some people—the kind who habitually seem able to pick up seats for popular shows just before curtain time—are managing to get to some place they like.

Not everybody can work it out at the last minute, of course. Families with organized lives naturally feel committed to some degree of foolproof planning. This now frequently includes paying for your space the day you book it instead of waiting to pick it up nonchalantly fifteen minutes before train time. It also should include checking with your favorite weekend or vacation resort spot to see if it's functioning this year. If it is, and it probably is, you should, more than ever, make sure there's room for you along with the new clientele that is almost certain to be on hand, since people who were formerly addicted to tours and cruises are now spending stationary vacations nearer home—which state of affairs, incidentally, has helped nudge rates up by ten to twenty per cent. Also, you'd do well to find out what the management is prepared to do about the trip from the station. Taxis are most frequently the answer, although some establishments will send down for you, others recommend bus lines, and a few sturdy New England ones actually suggest walking.

As for planes and trains, you probably know that people who can ought to do their moving about during the middle of the week, leaving weekend service for the men in uniform. It's relatively easy to travel at such off times, even by plane, in contrast to weekends, when everything is loaded up. Washington priorities affect only plane trips of more than two hundred miles, but priorities of the first-come-first-served variety are likely to stop you any Friday, Saturday, or Sunday—on train or plane. Eating is another problem you may have to adjust yourself to, for dining cars are as crowded as everything else, which might indicate a return to the old lunch-box, especially if you're travelling with kids. What with all this, and undependable schedules too, travel here and now isn't unlike travel in Europe between wars, so perhaps remembering how Spartan you felt then when you travelled second- or third-class will help you over the current hurdles. Railroad fares are up ten per cent over last year's, but the air lines have kept theirs constant except that they have wiped out that tempting ten-per-cent discount they used to allow for round-trip tickets. There's a five-per-cent tax on all transportation.

NOW for some of the places—far and near—that are carrying on this season. If you are really serious about getting away, you may want to consider one of those more or less distant big vacation plants, which are appropriate now because they have everything right in one place—golf, tennis, swimming, and sometimes even sailing. I won't try to make a comprehensive list, but certain names leap to mind. In Virginia, at Virginia Beach, the Cavalier is flourishing in spite of a blackout, which, of course, descends on practically all coast resorts every night, and at Virginia Hot Springs there's the Homestead, which has been thoroughly fumigated after a pox of Jap diplomats. In West Virginia, the Greenbrier at White Sulphur has done an equally thorough job of sweeping up after a similar group of Nazis. Georgia has the Cloister at Sea Island, and Florida the Inn at Ponte Vedra Beach, which is at its best in summer, being in the cool end of the state. North, there's the Seigniory Club near Montebello, Quebec, and west, there's the Arizona Biltmore at Phoenix. Add your own suggestions or, if you have none, surprise some wistful travel agent by asking for some.

BUT all this is getting pretty far afield. Now, in the interests of those who have just a few days to spend out of town, for a list of fairly nearby places which in the past have been found to be better than average and by latest reports are still open. All can be reached by train and, if you call or write (which, I repeat, you should) for reservations, will tell you how to proceed once you reach the station. The listing, as you can see, is by states, with special billing for Long Island. Here we go:

In New York there's the Bird and Bottle at Garrison, Harbor Hill at Cold Spring, Yama Farms near Ellenville, the Thayer at West Point, Lake Mohonk Mountain House near New Paltz, the Gideon Putnam at Saratoga, and the Westport Country Club (but it's not really that) at Westport, on Lake Champlain.

Long Island has Montauk Manor and Gurney's Inn at Montauk, the Irving at Southampton, Hampton Inn and Howell House at Westhampton, Canoe Place Inn at Hampton Bays, Quogue House at Quogue, Orient Point Inn at Orient, Three Village Inn at Stony Brook, Garden City Hotel at Garden City, and Point o' Woods Inn on Fire Island.

Connecticut has a mess of them too—Boxwood Manor at Old Lyme, Cobb's Mill Inn at Westport, La Bretagne at Ridgefield, Kent House at Greenwich, Madison Beach Hotel at Madison, Timber Trails Inn at Sherman, White Turkey Inn at Danbury, Silvermine Tavern at Norwalk, and Interlaken Inn, Lime Rock Lodge, Ragamont Inn, and White Hart Inn at Lakeville.

Dipping around: Massachusetts has the Berkshire Inn, Jug End Barn, and Old Egremont Tavern at Great Barrington, the Curtis Hotel at Lenox, the Red Lion Inn and Heaton Hall at Stockbridge, the Williams Inn at Williamstown, and the White Elephant at Nantucket. Pennsylvania offers Buck Hill Falls Inn and Skytop Lodge, both near Cresco. Rhode Island has the Weekapaug Inn near Westerly and Vermont the Twist o' the Hill near Burlington.

Which ought to see you through.

—K. C. B.

•

His heart sank, and bit his lip.—*From a story in the Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

Treacherous little organ, the heart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TABLES FOR TWO

Mouth Organ and Mother

THE Café Lounge of the Savoy Plaza has Larry Adler, the little man with the big harmonica. The instrument of Mr. Adler's choice still comes in for abuse sometimes, either on the esthetic grounds that it lacks purity or simply because it's also known as a mouth organ and has often been associated with the jew's-harp and the musical saw. Well, in the first place, accordion and electric-organ players have come to be tolerated in select circles, and where they go there's no reason a fellow who blows well on a blade of grass shouldn't go, let alone a harmonicist. In the second place, Mr. Adler has taken his instrument out of the hillbilly class by being a better musician than most rustics. He gets everything there is to be got from it and sometimes more.

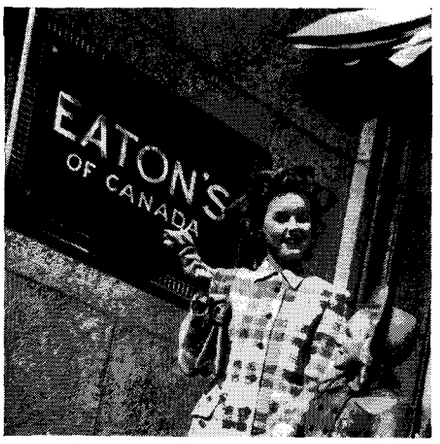
His Café Lounge repertory is based on a sure knowledge of what people like to hear Adler play on the harmonica. It includes "Blues in the Night," "Ritual Fire Dance," "Night and Day," and a couple of the Russian tunes that the Red Army Choir has been popularizing lately on phonograph records. To this surefire material he has added a bit of auxiliary patter here and there which is a peg above the general run of artists' auxiliary patter. It is commonly thought, apparently, that sheer, stark music, as well as other forms of artistic endeavor, must be relieved for the benefit of weak night-club constitutions by the comic spoken word. If it is commonly thought, why so be it, but it seems a shame to offer, by clowning the act, what almost amounts to an apology for being expert at something. However, the Café loungers are treated to less of this extraneous drollery than many other night-club audiences, and what there is of it is passably droll.

LA CONGA features Mexican food and a show involving the cast and some of the material of the late Broadway musical "Meet the People." It contains some very elaborate stuttering and sneezing by a comedian named Joey Faye, who is better at these noises than he is at normal dialogue; a couple of numbers rendered admirably by Miss Marion Colby in what might be called, and perhaps is, "deadpan jive;" the usual impersonations, by one Ted Arkin, of film folk, even including good old George Arliss; and some singing by Miss Alice Tyrell, a young lady who throws caution to the winds when it comes to coloratura. Most of this talent is youthful but has picked up several of the tricks of older timers, not omitting a few of the wrong ones.

Putting on a revue as a floor show has always been a pretty successful enterprise, for obvious reasons. Customers get the idea that legitimate Broadway entertainment is being included in the price of dinner or a few drinks and look on the deal as a bargain. Of course the price of dinner or a few drinks is apt to exceed the price of a theatre ticket and the show is not usually one that would run a week on a legitimate stage, but there's no point in facing facts too coldly, especially since at La Conga we have a production that did run for a while on Broadway. Maybe this scheme of moving out of a theatre into one of the hot spots will catch on. One road company will go out to Chicago and the Middle West, one will go South, and another will tour Fifty-second Street.

A GOOD place to try for quiet, moderate dancing is still Le Coq Rouge, where there is no show at all and where Dick Wilson's orchestra is circumspect in its treatment of current hits. When the maestro undertakes a number like "Tangerine," for example, he is careful not to let you hear the lyric. On the other hand, with one like "Jingle Jangle Jingle," he gives you several stanzas. This last is a Western song, whose tune is well constructed from previously tested parts and whose message, a recommendation for celibacy, is on the refreshing side. Le Coq Rouge, by the way, has been redecorated, in case you have an eye for interiors. Whereas the walls used to be sort of off-neutral, with vertical fortelescues in a contrasting shade, the pattern has now been reversed, and they've put in retrogressant lighting. You wouldn't recognize the place.

The Village Vanguard has also had a few alterations, but it's still underground and on the order of a Parisian *cave*. The Vanguard is currently the home of folk singing, having hired Mr. Richard Dyer-Bennett, a tenor who does old English and French ballads, and Mr. Huddie Ledbetter, known more widely by the homespun name of Leadbelly. The latter is certainly a unique charac-



Here - when you want it

This Summer, perhaps . . . some summer, certainly . . . you'll come again to Canada. And when you do, you'll find her hills and lakes and woodlands waiting for you . . . unchanged.

Unchanged, too, the eagerness here at **EATON'S OF CANADA** to welcome and serve you. For Eaton's as Canada's largest retail organization with department stores in the leading cities, is best equipped to fill the needs of Canada's "Good Neighbour" visitors.

EATON'S of Canada

A nation-wide organization with department stores in all the leading Canadian cities.

...pleasure hours

The Magnavox Belvedere will bring you endless hours of pleasure and relaxation. You'll thrill to its superbly life-like tone on records or radio . . . regular broadcast, or FM. There is a charm that never grows old in its exquisite Chippendale cabinet. This, and other Magnavox furniture models (without substitute materials or sacrifice in quality) are still available in America's fine stores!

MAGNAVOX

The Oldest Name in Radio

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • DIVISION NY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter on at least two counts. One is that he never seems to take a breath while performing and the other that it's not only difficult but actually impossible to understand the words to his peculiar pieces of Southern Americana. He's got one that may be about a gal who is po' but that sounds more as if it had to do with the Gallup Poll.

A FELLOW with the gruesome sobriquet of Mother Kelly has set a new snare in the Winter Garden building, on the site of the old Beachcomber. He has installed the usual palm trees and gusty cooling system and two rough approximations of orchestras and settled back to lure what game he can. Three times every evening, when his trap is full, he releases a show, and carnage sets in. Among his most destructive weapons are an insistent master of ceremonies, a comic whose main feature is his frightening appearance, and a trio of acrobatic dancers who tell jokes. He also uses an assortment of burlesque blackouts, staged on a platform behind the dance floor in the manner of the 18 Club, only with even less exquisite taste. Then there's a female singer who is said to be a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's School of Journalism and may be here just to pick up material for a horror magazine. Incidentally, Mother Kelly has thrown in as additional bait some fairly good food, and if you can somehow manage to grab it and run before the show closes in on you, it will be a neat trick. —D. E. L.

•

CORN~COUNTRY RECRUIT

Always a few ears wither on the stalk
To blacken with frost, and fall—stiff, germless seeds
Unused as fodder by man, cow, or hawk—
To the inevitable weeds.

If I should pass like that, unplucked, uneaten,
Into the earth from which my roots were made,
Nothing in the cool clay could salve or sweeten
The cleft where I am laid.

But let me enter the lips and entrails of my nation!
Let me be used, as I descend to dust,
To feed some eager, unappeasable starvation
With a farm boy's crust.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RACE TRACK

Muddy Water

SARATOGA'S first week of racing wasn't a lot different from that of other years, and perhaps the less said the better about the favorites who didn't win. It took both horses and horseplayers a week or so to settle down to the serious business of drinking the waters, or at least of paddling through them. Colonel Tantivy Martingale, who has moved into the blue canoe on the lake along with three swans, reports that the members of the Saratoga Association open their sessions in the Reading Room with a hopeful rendition of "Rain, Rain, Go Away."

Easily the best race during the first week of the meeting was the Wilson Stakes, although it wasn't particularly exciting to watch, for Apache led Scotland Light and Parasang, the other runners, by lengths all the way. What made it unusual was that Apache, ridden by Stout, ran the mile in 1:37, only four-fifths of a second slower than the mark for the course, in going that was practically waterlogged. Later, while the colt was cooling out under the trees in the paddock, someone remarked to Fitzsimmons, who trains the horse, that Stout shouldn't have eased up his mount when he was far in front but should have gone on and tried to break the record. Racegoers are hard to please.

Going out on a limb, I'd say that Apache is the best miler we've had since Johnstown, who was the fastest horse I ever saw, and I saw Man o' War. However, I doubt that he can win at a mile and a quarter in top-class company, and I'm just as aware as the next man that the mile-and-a-quarter Travers Stakes is coming up on the fifteenth. Vagrancy, his stablemate, is of stouter stuff. She had a hard time in the Test Stakes, for she didn't like the mud and was crowded and bumped by Smiles most of the way, yet she came through gamely. I can't imagine anything beating her in the Alabama Stakes this Friday.

STUDENTS of two-year-olds' past performances, among whom I can hardly be included at the moment, since I've mislaid my astrolabe, will find plenty of field work at the meeting. For example, although Breezing Home didn't exactly live up to his name in the Flash, he won easily enough, and then finished a bad last in the United States Hotel Stakes. Also, the footing wasn't so awfully different on the day Famous Victory won and on the day he came in third. A colt who made me and a lot of other people look twice is Jock Whitney's Armistice Day, the first foal of Miss Merriment (remember her?). He distinctly resembles his mamma. Armistice Day ran second in one of the midweek races, and I fancy that he'll do better in fast going.

Most of the pets of the more important stables will be out for the Saratoga Special this weekend; if you must have a tip, my one-eyed clocker likes Picket, who is a stablemate of Armistice Day's.

I WONDER how many horseplayers, even the sticklers for keeping the grandfathers of racers straight, get all mixed up about the sex of Tola Rose, who won again the other afternoon. Although this animal is a colt, almost everybody, misled by his name, speaks of him as a filly. Well, A. J. Sackett, who owns him, has cleared up for me the little mystery of how the horse got his name. It seems there's an old fellow down in St. Augustine named Bartola Rose, who is something of a town character and is known as Tola Rose. Sackett, owning a horse whose dam was June Rose, was reminded of this chap and appropriated the name. By the way, Tola Rose (the horse) is one of the few racers who suffer from sinus trouble, which probably has nothing at all to do with the fact that his sire's name was Head Play.

Tola Rose, form players will recall with some bitterness, beat Whirlaway in the Butler at Empire City last month. And before anybody reminds me, I know that it was Rounders, the one I said was just another of those horses from abroad, who beat Whirlaway at Arlington Park last weekend. Oh well, Whirlaway never did run well on those Chicago tracks.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[From "The Devil Was Kind," by Donald Ross]

She drifted down the main street of Rockridge, which is a small city on the Hudson about sixty miles from New York. As it was on the main route to Albany, big motor cars carrying charming people were always tearing through.

3 WAYS
to beat the heat

When the heat begins to do things to your mental equilibrium and a cooling drink is indicated—make one of these or order one at your favorite rendezvous. The thirst was never born that can stand up—when *they* go down.

1
TOM COLLINS
ANGOSTURA
Juice of one lemon
1 tsp. fine granulated sugar
2 oz. dry Gin
Angostura Bitters—sufficient to give drink nice rich pink color. Cracked ice—shake and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water and stir slightly.

2
PLANTER'S PUNCH
1 oz. fresh lime juice
2 tsp. fine granulated sugar
3 oz. West Indies Rum
5 dashes Angostura Bitters
Shaved ice—shake vigorously and pour unstrained into Collins glass, fill with chilled carbonated water, stir slightly. Garnish with slice of lemon, dust with nutmeg. Serve with straws.

3
RUM SWIZZLE
1½ oz. full bodied rum
6 dashes Angostura Bitters
Juice of one lime
1 tsp. fine granulated sugar
Pour ingredients into glass pitcher, add plenty of shaved ice, churn with swizzle stick until a fine, frothy head appears. Strain into cocktail glass and serve. (Use shaker if you haven't a swizzle stick).

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send For Free Mixing Guide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATE-AFTERNOON SUN

MR. and Mrs. Russell had just risen from their vacation-time nap and were strolling down the village main street toward the Eatery. It was about five-thirty in the afternoon, still very hot, but neither of them seemed to feel the heat. They were dressed in sports shirts and slacks, and Mrs. Russell wore high-heeled, black patent-leather pumps and had a ribbon around her yellow hair. Though Mr. Russell was stout, with his slacks held up by a broad belt strapped tightly across his middle, while Mrs. Russell was extremely thin, they walked alike: their posture straight, their elbows at their sides, and their heads high, with the gaze above and beyond whoever was coming toward them.

Disregarding the morning's headlines in front of the drugstore, they stepped off the sidewalk and crossed the village square, past the monument to the Union Soldier. As they approached the elms that surrounded the whiteness of the Château Select, Mrs. Russell's head turned to the left, and as they came toward the Château's columns, her eyes began sweeping the broad porch with a sharp, hungry look. Two ladies in white dresses and hats, glancing up from their knitting, ignored her. A family grouped around a very young lieutenant met her gaze blankly. A little girl, who regarded her with enormous eyes, turned and said in a penetrating voice, "Just once more, Mother, please!"

Beyond the last column and the last elm was a path beside summer houses surrounded by green lawns. Over the porches were names —"Laura," "Rose Bower," "Our Rest" —and in front people lay relaxed in folding chairs shaded by parasols. Mrs. Russell's head had swung back to its normal position and her gaze was again as straight ahead as her husband's. Neither seemed aware of two young girls, who ceased talking as they came near and turned to stare after they had passed.

Mr. Russell shuffled and Mrs. Russell clicked, both in step, again on a sidewalk, past a boarded-up white booth and the sign, "FROZEN CUSTARD." They crunched as they turned onto gravel, between two hedges, beside a rustic-looking board with "THE EATERY—GUESTS ACCOMMODATED" in neon tubes on it.

INSIDE, light seeped under chintz, sprinkled over checked, fringed cloth, blue glass, and red candlesticks. The place was empty; it cracked with Mrs. Russell's heels, creaked with Mr. Russell's sandals. They sat down at a table beside a window and picked up two menu cards and studied them.

The waitress stood over them, a rose in her hair. She filled their water tumblers.

"I want Cold Plate No. 2," Mr. Russell said. "No tomatoes. I want potato salad instead of cole slaw."

He stared at a spot behind his wife's head.

Mrs. Russell's eyes moved over the menu. "Eatery Special," she said.

"Well, I don't know," the waitress said. "I'll find out if it's ready."

Mr. Russell said, "I want iced tea."

"Hot coffee," Mrs. Russell said. "Black."

She gazed under the chintz curtains, out of the window, beyond the hedge at a tennis court. Neither she nor her husband moved as the door opened and words came: "But we're much, much too early." "I don't care. Besides, I can't eat in this heat." They did not listen to the sounds of people entering, sitting at a table, talking.

The waitress brought their food. On the Cold Plate lay bologna, boiled ham, cheese, lettuce, and tomato. At the edge of the plate, beside the potato salad, there were traces of cole slaw that had been spooned off. The Eatery Special consisted of chicken croquettes, mashed potatoes, and green peas. There was a blob of currant jelly with a sprig of parsley set in it.

Mr. Russell took his knife and pushed the slice of tomato off onto the tablecloth. Then he poured salt and pepper over his plate. Mrs. Russell gathered peas on her fork and raised them to her mouth. Chewing, she lifted the parsley off the currant jelly with the prongs of her fork. She sank the fork into the mashed potatoes, took it out, set it through the hard, brown crust of a croquette, withdrew it. Dropping the fork with a clink, she took up a spoon and stirred her sugarless coffee. On a saucer lay two little waxed papers of sugar. Mr. Russell tore the corner off one and poured from it into his iced tea, tapped it for the last granule, let it fall on the tablecloth, did the same with the other waxed paper, and then stirred his tea. Index finger hooked around the handle of the spoon, he lifted the glass to his mouth and drank a deep draught. He put the glass down, cheeks puckering, breath steaming. Mrs. Russell sipped her black coffee and gazed out of the window. After Mr. Russell had eaten his cracker, piece of French bread, and slice of raisin bread, he sank his knife into Mrs. Russell's tiny pat of butter and began buttering her slice of raisin bread.

They faced, looking past each other, in the noisily filling Eatery. Mr. Russell pushed his plate away, wiped his mouth, leaned back, knees spreading, tongue feeling between his teeth. The waitress brought him a portion of watermelon. Mrs. Russell did not want any dessert. Mr. Russell finished the watermelon, wiped his mouth once more, leaned back in his chair, and, extending his leg, felt along his thigh into his pants pocket. He took out change, picked out a nickel and a dime, and dropped them among the soiled dishes.

He rose, allowing his paper napkin to fall to the floor, and walked among the crowded tables. Mrs. Russell rose and followed him. He paid the woman at the desk, did not reply to her "Did you find everything tasty?," and pushed his way out through the screen door. Mrs. Russell took three after-dinner mints from a saucer and placed them in her mouth. Sucking on them, she pushed the screen door open and followed her husband.

OUTSIDE, long shadows stretched, and it was cooler now. Beyond, in the street, several automobiles were parked. Slowly, the Russells strolled back between the hedges, past the Eatery sign, which glowed now in neon colors. In their disparate though similar gait, they stepped on the stone walk and went past the boarded-up frozen-custard booth. They came again on the path through the lawns. In the evening sunlight the parasols threw their shadows beyond the folding chairs, and the chairs were deserted. An abandoned newspaper lay beside one. In the still air, through an open window, came the even tone of a news announcer. From next door issued the inconsolable, senseless wail of a baby. The Russells walked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the mealtime-deserted street, their gaze straight ahead of them. When they came toward the white mass of the Château Select, Mrs. Russell's head turned slightly to the right, but her gaze swept an empty expanse of porch that was punctuated by groups of immobile rocking chairs.

They recrossed the square, stepped up on the sidewalk, went past the drugstore, the 5¢-to-$1 store, the Farmers' Hardware, and a boarded-up general store. In the corner building was the Bar & Grill. Across the street was a filling station. Beyond, the highway stretched.

The Russells turned the corner and went past Mamie's Eats. Next door was the Villa Albert, Tourists, which they had left a short while before. Mrs. Russell went up the one step to the porch and through the screen door into the house. Mr. Russell stayed behind on the sidewalk. Through the picket fence and beyond the house he could see the tiny figure of Mrs. Albert under a sunbonnet in the flower garden. On the porch, old Mr. Albert sat rigidly, his gold collar button gleaming, a cigar in his mouth. He held the local weekly newspaper far away from his farsighted eyes. Mr. Russell stepped on the porch and settled himself in a rocking chair.

Upstairs, in the overheated room, Mrs. Russell pulled sharply at the window shade, causing it to roll up with a snap and letting the light penetrate through the curtains and print the lace upon the opposite wall. High over the dresser, behind glass, hung an oval photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Albert in their wedding clothes. Mrs. Russell stared at the white counterpane of the bed. She lay down on it, turned over and on her back, twisting the ribbon off her yellow hair. —NATHAN ASCH

•

PACKARD '40 super 8 club coupe. Has more h.p. per 100 cwt. than any car built in America. Marvelous precision construction thruout. This car will last thru several durations. 1315 N. VINE.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Maybe *it* will, but *we* won't.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Booked on suspicion of assault with intent to do bodily harm was James Fleming, 33, Flynn's former butler and now his personal secretary. Fleming, six feet two inches tall but weighing only 15 pounds, described himself as "hardly the pugilistic type."

It costs us more to make

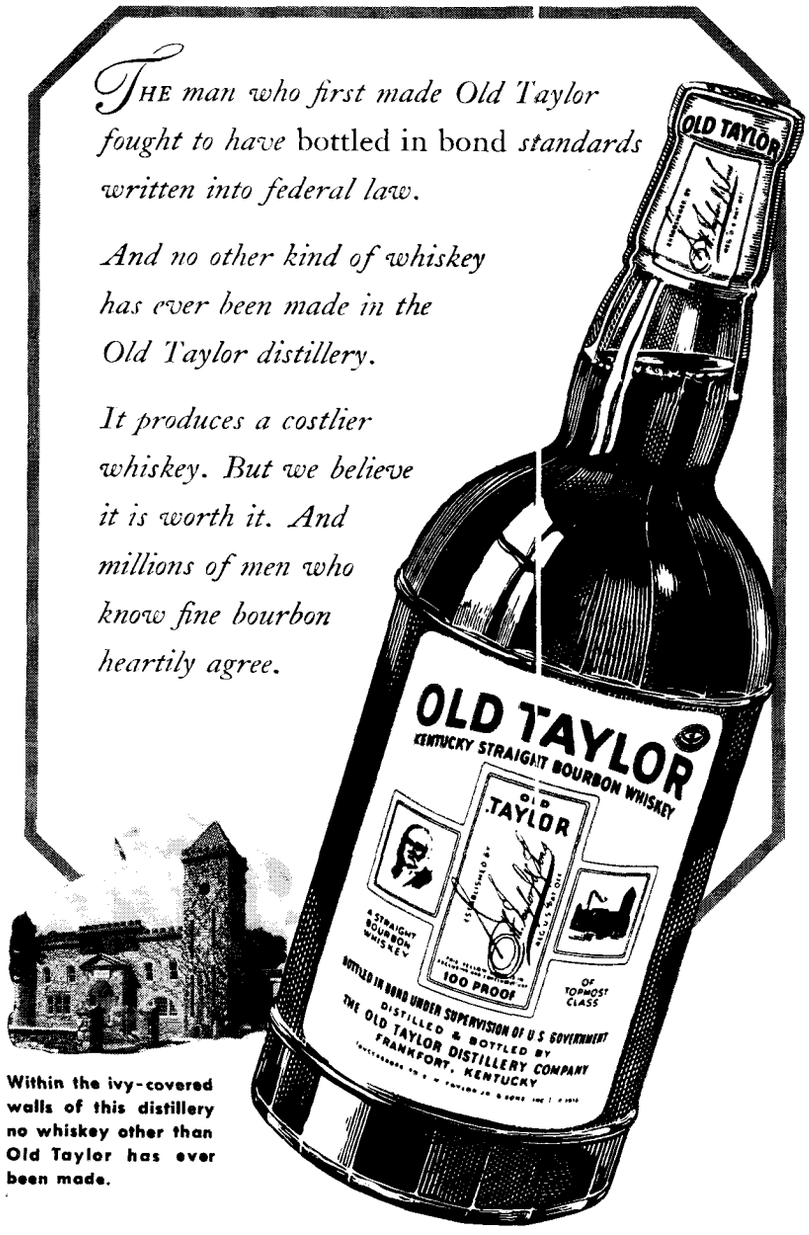
OLD TAYLOR

but we mean to keep it worthy of this signature

THE man who first made Old Taylor fought to have bottled in bond *standards written into federal law.*

And no other kind of whiskey has ever been made in the Old Taylor distillery.

It produces a costlier whiskey. But we believe it is worth it. And millions of men who know fine bourbon heartily agree.



Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

Copyright 1942, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Miscellany

THOUGH in the press of more sensational events the loss may have seemed minor, the death of Constance Rourke in 1941 deprived us of an irreplaceable critic and historian. Miss Rourke had a living sense of our country's past, cleanly distinct from the sweet cooings of the antiquarian and the mortuary interests of the purely historical researcher. Her books on Audubon and Davy Crockett and American humor, though firmly based on original investigation, were lit with brilliant intuitions. The same is true of her "The Roots of American Culture," a collection of essays which were to have formed chapters in a monumental study. These have now been arranged and edited by Van Wyck Brooks, who also contributes a useful introduction.

The central thesis, derived from Miss Rourke's study of the German esthetician Herder, was to have been that any major fine-arts culture must spring out of a folk-arts culture, to which it continually returns for fresh inspiration. It was her conviction that such a folk-art culture existed in America almost from early Colonial times; that, though modified by European influences, it has consistently taken a shape of its own; and that our current sophisticated art forms live on and by it.

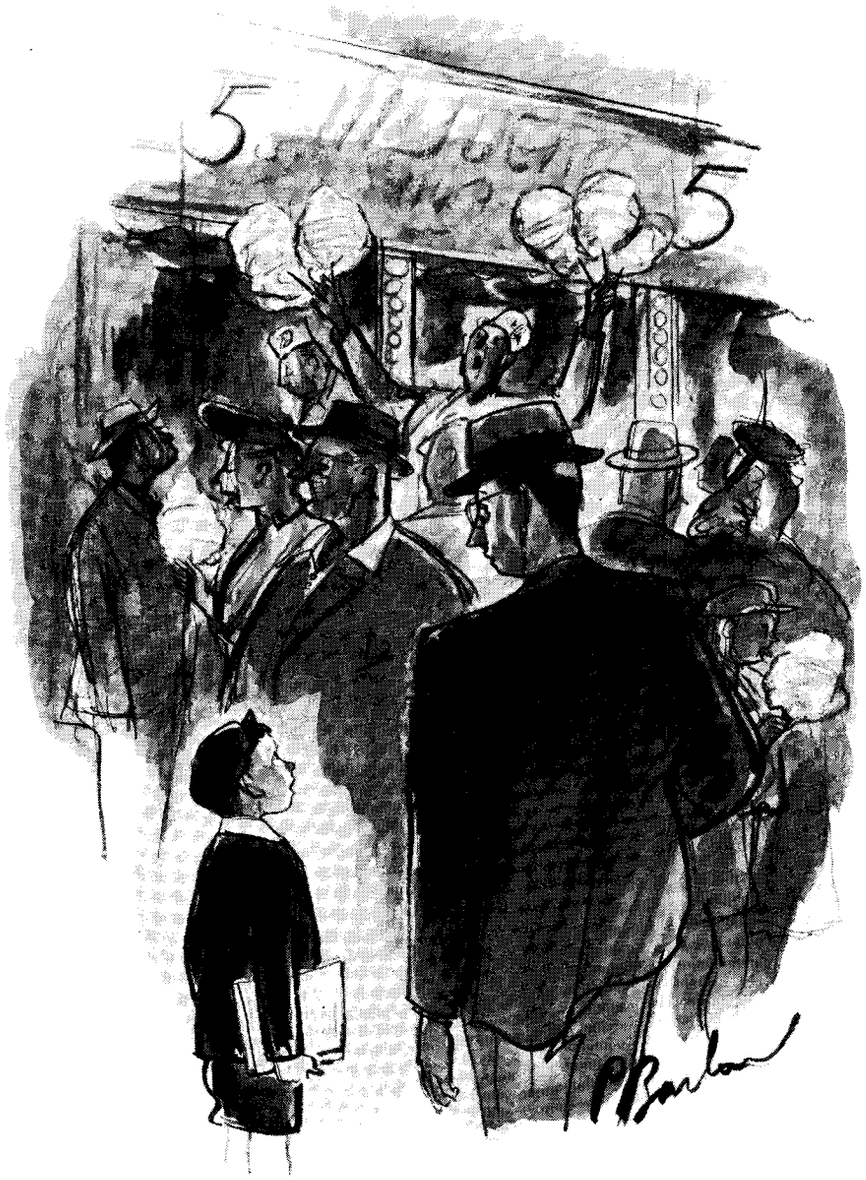
This thesis she supports, sometimes, I think, with a slight excess of enthusiastic dogmatism, through a series of interesting studies—studies of our early theatrical history, a rich and fascinating one; of our early music; of the grave, pure, extraordinary life and art of the Shakers; of such a neglected figure as the folk painter Voltaire Combe; of the beginnings of Negro literature.

The book, fragmentary as it is, abounds in rich insights. As a fair example, note Miss Rourke's refutation of the conventional notion that art in early America, particularly the arts of the theatre and the concert hall, were stifled by Puritanism. The Puritans have much to answer for, but apparently they helped rather than hindered the growth of music and the stage.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN'S "The Drums of Morning" is a kind of Black Abolitionist "Gone With the Wind." A more serious historical scholar than Mrs. Mitchell, he lacks much of her tale-telling ability. His novel will teach us more and, I fear, interest us less. The hero, Jonathan Bradford, loses his father in the Lovejoy massacre, and from that moment consecrates himself to the antislavery cause. Consecrated people are hard to like, and Jonathan, despite the fact that his heart is in the right place, emerges as a heroic prig. Neither he nor the mechanically varied trinity of women who affect his life is very interesting, but the scenes through which Mr. Stern passes them are. The John Brown raid, the antislavery agitation in Boston, the horrors of Andersonville, the bombardment of Charleston, and slave auctions are projected with energy and freshness, as are certain minor historical characters such as Frederick Douglass.

What distinguishes Mr. Stern from other recent novelists of the Civil War is his over-all understanding of the meaning of the struggle. He sees it in just perspective—as one of the battles for universal freedom of which our country seems fated to be the focus. Unfortunately, for a novelist, intelligence is not quite enough.

THE second volume in New Directions' Makers of Modern Literature Series is "Virginia Woolf," by David Daiches. While not comparable to the opener of the series, Harry



"No thank you, Uncle Harry, but you go right ahead."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's What We Are Fighting For—

As Words Can Never Describe It!

IF you have ever been stirred by the simple beauty of a New England church, or awestruck by the magnificence of a mountain height or the sweep of a rolling prairie, this is *your* book—about *your* America—as words can never describe it! Here, in 385 glowing photographs, etchings, woodcuts, lithographs by nearly 100 famous American artists, is the whole great face of our land. *THE NEW YORKER* says: "Just about the most moving and handsomest picture book you are likely to find this year." At all bookstores, $5. **HASTINGS HOUSE**

Fair is our land

THE PORTRAIT OF AMERICA

Edited by Samuel Chamberlain
Introduction by Donald Moffat

For that COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BOOK, *buy*

ARTHUR KOESTLER'S

Dialogue With Death

"A prison story, it has, I think, certain classic qualities . . . It is a personal rather than a mass record, a self-analysis by an extraordinary psychologist who happened to be placed in a situation few human beings ever encounter. There are passages here that are worthy of Dostoevski."

CLIFTON FADIMAN

$2.00 *all bookstores*

MACMILLAN. NEW YORK

Levin's brilliant monograph on Joyce, it is perceptive, thoughtful, and lucid, if a shade too generous in the face of Virginia Woolf's glaring limitations. Mr. Daiches stresses far too lightly the plain fact that Mrs. Woolf, an exquisite writer, possibly even a genius, employed the resources of her virtuoso technique on a sadly limited segment of experience. She will remain minor simply because she did not know enough kinds of people.

Nevertheless, Mr. Daiches' compact little book is the best job yet done on its subject. It and Mr. Levin's "Joyce" indicate that a younger generation of Americans stands prepared to furnish first-rate literary criticism. The discrepancy between their talents and the talents of the younger American creative writers is marked.

JAN HENRIK MARSMAN is a businessman, an American citizen who happened to be on hand when the Japanese took Hong Kong and who managed to make a miraculous getaway. He is no writer, but he has a tale to tell and you will find it in a small book entitled "I Escaped from Hong Kong." As a record of personal adventure it is no great shakes. As a first-hand report on Japanese atrocities, it is something else again. Mr. Marsman does not go into the reasons for the fall of Hong Kong except to remark, "If only the wisdom of the men in high places had matched the valor of the men in the line." It is the same moral that the other Far East correspondents have drawn, a moral that makes us wonder why a people as magnificent as the British so often allow themselves and their property to be managed by unworldly incompetents.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAD POTTER, by Asa Wilgus. The story of an American family in backwoods New England. Big, capable, humorous mother, a couple of troublesome sisters, a son who hankers for the city but decides he likes the farm better in the end. Friendly family atmosphere, good homespun background, not much action, but what there is manages to fit together nicely.

GENERAL

BOWEN'S COURT, by Elizabeth Bowen. Bowen's Court is the author's ancestral house in County Cork, Ireland. With its history, told *more Hibernico*,

Helen MacInnes

AUTHOR OF

ABOVE SUSPICION

has done it again!

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

Helen MacInnes, master of suspense, has written a novel of espionage, adventure and romance —as tense, as exciting, as compelling as "Above Suspicion". Rich in character, it is the story of a British Intelligence officer in Occupied France, engaged in a dangerous impersonation— which was not supposed to include his falling in love with a lovely French girl, the fiancee of the man whose role he was playing. $2.50

EVELYN WAUGH'S

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS

A witty, biting satire on the Old School Tie. "Will rank with his most important work."—*New York Herald Tribune "Books".* $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clifton Fadiman
in *The New Yorker* says:

"One of the most useful books I've read in some time.

NEHRU

is a sort of Indian Van Loon"

GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY

A sweeping story of the world from the dawn of civilization to the present. "Nehru has managed to interpret East to West and West to East. The mind that shines through *Glimpses of World History* is one of the noblest minds of our era."—*Boston Globe.* $4.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

Hotel Queensbury
STOP and you'll STAY!
Guests who stop overnight often stay over the week-end—rather than forsake this excellent food, these immaculate rooms, downy beds. Grand air, scenery. So easy to "take," so good for you. Write for booklet.
GLENS FALLS, N.Y.
3 MILES for championship golf
9 MILES to Lake George
18 MILES to Saratoga races
GOOD TRANSPORTATION

The Starlight Roof
XAVIER CUGAT
CARMEN CASTILLO
MARIO AND FLORIA
THE THREE PITCHMEN
Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturday, $1.50
MISCHA BORR at Luncheon
...$2 and à la carte... and for
Sunday Dinner-Dancing (No cover)
The Waldorf-Astoria

she intertwines the story of her own family and a rather indulgent view of their class—the class of Anglo-Irish gentry who took over confiscated lands at the time of the Protestant Ascendancy. The sober charm of the book is in its family portraits, many of which have been worked up from scant evidence but with a warmth and insight that suggest extraordinary imaginative virtuosity. A fine piece of writing, in spite of some unevenness of texture and an occasional overdose of legal and genealogical detail. Illustrated.

NAPOLEON AT THE CHANNEL, by Carola Oman. Don't let the title put you off. The author doesn't go in for military affairs as such, nor does she lean very hard on today's obvious parallel. What she gives us, really, is a nicely fluent and ironic social history of the British nation in the Napoleonic period—to be precise, from 1793 to 1821—handled in the montage style of Peter Quennell, though with not quite the same *dégagé* polish. Entertaining, but rather too pat now and then.

DECEMBER 7, by the correspondents of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*. Or, War Comes to the Luce Magazines. A collection of stories from all over the country, the Philippines, London, and so on, very lively in tone, and filed during the first thirty hours after Pearl Harbor. Includes photographs and short biographies of the correspondents, on very glossy paper.

GLOBAL WAR, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman. Strategic atlas of the world: seventy maps and charts, plus a description of the resources of the principal countries, world communications, invasion routes, and the like. A respectable job, even though Mr. Mowrer's text is given to unqualified statement and Miss Rajchman's maps need a slightly larger scale of reproduction. Introduction by Secretary of the Navy Knox.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND M. LABBÉ, by Georges Simenon. Two mysteries in this volume. The first, about a harbormaster who disappears in an odd fashion, is solved by Maigret; the second introduces a remarkable man, M. Labbé of the Paris C. I. D., who knows everything. Georges Simenon is unsurpassed, and don't believe anyone who tells you he isn't.

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME, by Eden Phillpotts. A few words overheard in his uncle's garden in England make Leo Heronshaw fear that his cousins aren't all they should be. A tale of fraud and murder that has horror and suspense. Told in a leisurely manner which makes it more frightening.

THE DEVIL LOVES ME, by Margaret Millar. Dr. Paul Prye's wedding in Toronto is postponed because one of the wedding party develops a nice case of poisoning. Three violent murders follow on the heels of this excitement. Swell plot, swell dialogue.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT THE DOOR, by Elizabeth Daly. A lady in New York, accused and acquitted of the murder of her husband, appeals to mild-mannered Henry Gamadge for help when attempts are made on her life. Muddled family affairs and a neat solution in this excellent story.

MURDER CALLING "50," by George Bagby. Inspector Schmidt, of the New York Homicide Squad, visits his friend George Bagby during a test blackout and finds a light on and a body. Wills, jewelry, secret marriages, air-raid wardens, and lack of sleep fail to stop the Inspector from cracking the case. Light mystery with a logical solution.

PERHAPS A LITTLE DANGER, by E. H. Clements. Alison Firle, a young London artist, visits the coast of Scotland near the Inner Hebrides. She meets a singular chap named Sandell and, hearing a mass of rumors about Nazi spies and Fifth Columnists, has a hard time separating the good people from the bad.

•

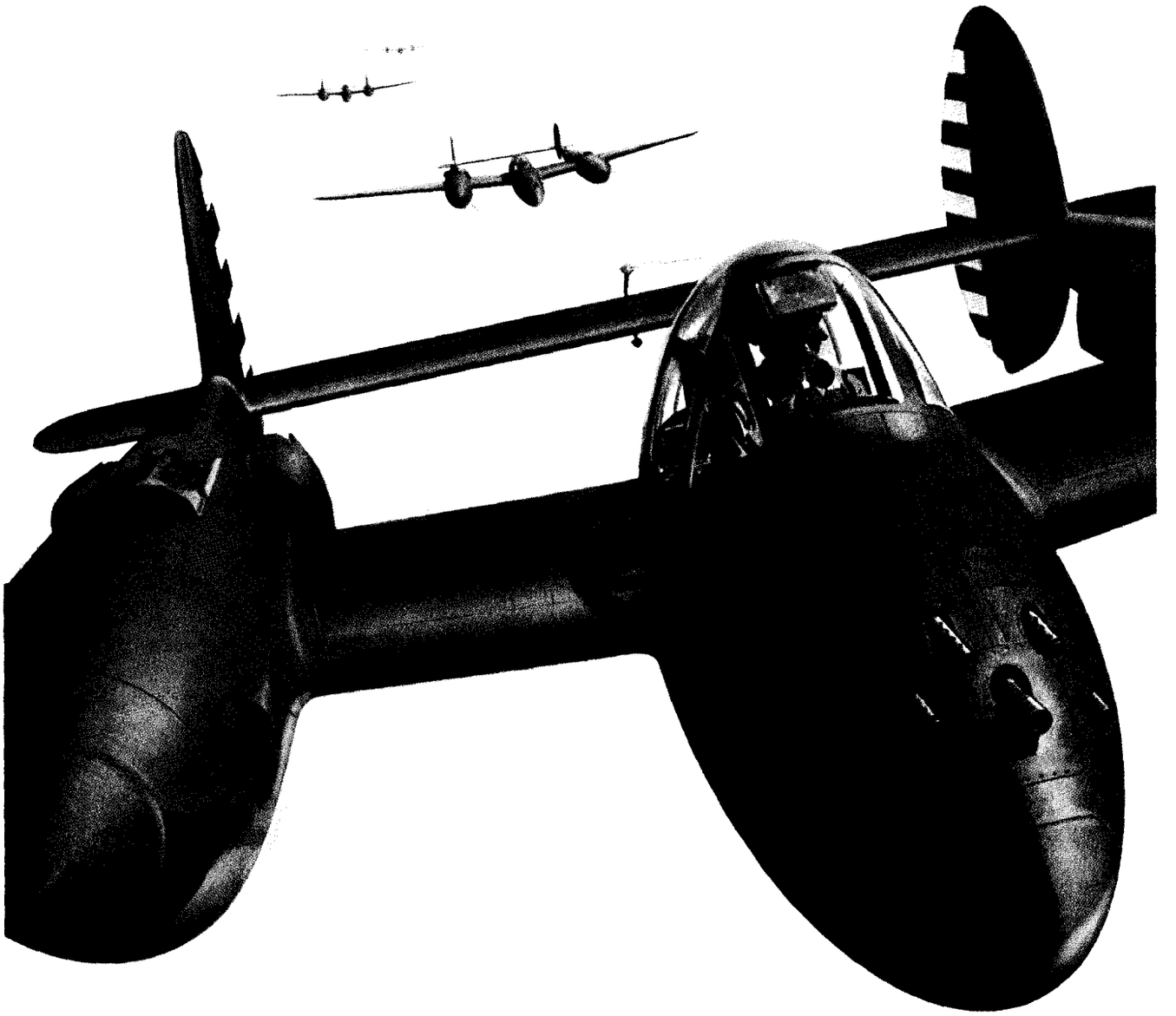
THE OMNISCIENT PRESS

[*From the Pottsville (Pa.) Republican*]

Q.—S. F.—Will you please tell me if I could make any success in the entertainment world? I'm very fond of music and have been told I have a good singing voice. Please let me see my reply soon.

A.—After analyzing your problem from all angles, I've come to the conclusion that the qualifications you have outlined for success in the entertainment field are not enough to warrant a successful career. There are hundreds of young men and women who can sing and who are fond of music but nowadays it takes the unusual person with a rare gift in some direction to stand out above the crowd. My advice to you is to concentrate on some more practical field for your living and give vent to your desire to sing and entertain in amateur affairs. You have all the natural qualifications necessary to become a very good dietician.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



So it's a fight they want...

They wanted a fight. They started it...11 years ago in Manchuria...8 years ago in Ethiopia...3 years ago in Poland and 8 months ago at Pearl Harbor. American diplomats continued negotiations to the zero hour of the attack.

But now America has discarded the kid gloves of diplomacy for the grim strategy of arms, and American industry shares fully in acceptance of that challenge.

Your American aviation industry is prepared and expanded. Now, it builds the best airplanes in the world, of *every* type...and more of them than any other nation. Lockheed will *continue* to strain every sinew...to produce more and more Hudson bombers and Lightning P-38 interceptor pursuits. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, Calif.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

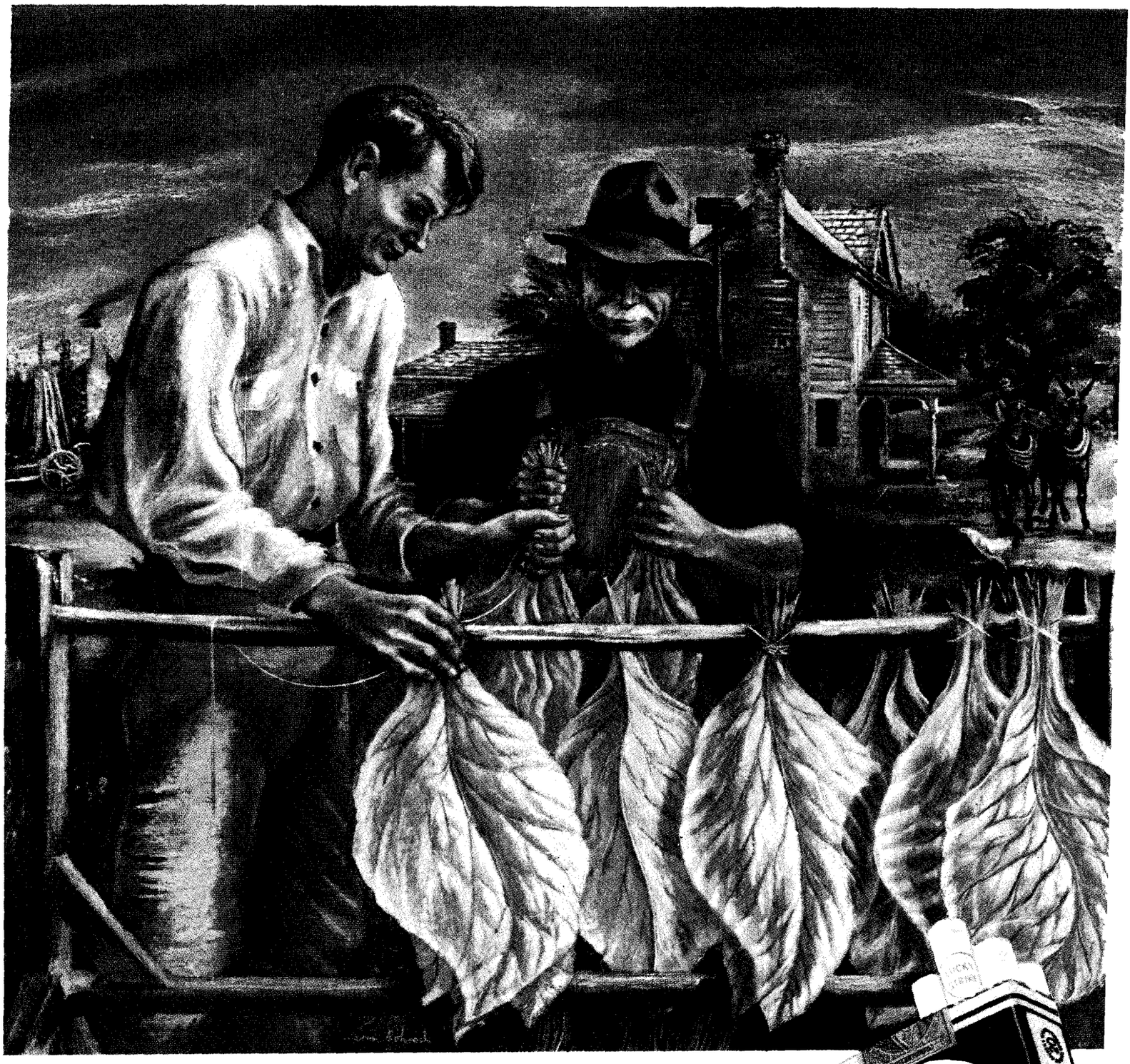
Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Unstringing Tobacco," by Aaron Bohrod. Painted from life on a Southern farm.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

. . . and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf . . . These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering . . . worth acting on . . . next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Copyright 1942, The American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED